

Third Annual
**SANTA BARBARA
 WORLD AFFAIRS
 INSTITUTE**

March 19 and 20, 1954

**Daytime Sessions at Recreation Center
 100 East Carrillo Street**

**Evening Sessions at the Lobero Theater
 33 East Canon Perdido**

*"How Can We Meet
 the Challenge of
 Communism?"*

Auspices of
American Friends Service Committee
 (Quakers)
 Pacific Southwest Region, 825 East Union Street
 Pasadena 4, California

REGISTRATION BLANK

Santa Barbara World Affairs Institute

MRS. HERBERT FINGARETTE
 3013 Lomita, Santa Barbara, California — Phones: 52294
 23124
 Enclosed please find \$_____ to cover: 92812

_____ Tuition fee only — \$1.00. Students free.
 (Admission to Fri., Sat. night & Sat. morning sessions)

_____ Tuition fee and luncheon reservation — \$2.75
 (Admission fee to all sessions and luncheon)

_____ Luncheon reservations for students — \$1.75

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

FACULTY

Dean: EDWIN A. SANDERS,

Executive Secretary, Pacific Southwest Region,
 American Friends Service Committee



ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Associate Director, The Ford Foundation since 1951. A nationally known figure in education, he was Dean of the Law School Yale University in 1928; President of University of Chicago 1929-1945, and its Chancellor 1945-51. Editor-in-chief of "Great Books of the Western World"; chairman of the board of editors, Encyclopaedia Britannica. Author of *The Conflict in Education in a Democratic Society* (Harpers, 1954).

ALEXANDER MILLER

Lecturer in Religion, Stanford University since 1950. Born and educated in New Zealand, he spent three years as general secretary of the New Zealand Student Christian Movement. From 1939 to 1943 he was minister of the Stepney Presbyterian Church, East London, England. He is author of three books, including *The Christian Significance of Karl Marx* (Macmillan).



MORRIS RUBIN

Editor — *Progressive Magazine*, Madison, Wisconsin for past 12 years. Former reporter, analyst and columnist for a number of newspapers including *Wisconsin State Journal*, the *New York Times*, and *Time*. For several years he served as executive aide to Governor Philip L. LaFollette of Wisconsin, and U.S. Senator Robert M. LaFollette, Jr.



PROGRAM

Friday, March 19

6 to 8 p.m. Registration at the Lobero Theater

8:00 p.m. Speaker: **ALEXANDER MILLER**

Address: **What is the Appeal of Communism in the Modern World?**

Commentary: The Faculty

Chairman: **Harold Sheets**,
 former president,
 Socony Vacuum of
 New York

Saturday, March 20

9:15 a.m. Meeting for Worship

10:00 a.m. Discussion Forum with the Faculty
 on subject of Friday evening's
 meeting
 Chairman: **Edwin A. Sanders**

12:30 p.m. Luncheon* **El Paseo Restaurant**

Speaker: **MORRIS RUBIN**

Address: **How Shall We Meet
 the Problem of
 Communism?**

SATURDAY (continued)

Commentary: The Faculty
 Chairman: **Mrs. Horace Gray**,
 President, League of
 Women Voters,
 Santa Barbara

8:00 p.m. Speaker: **ROBERT M. HUTCHINS**
 Address: **How Can We Advance
 Individual and
 National Freedom?**

Commentary: The Faculty
 Chairman: **Louis Lancaster**,
 Vice-president,
 County National Bank

*Advance reservations needed.

Resource Persons:

Dr. Fay-Cooper Cole, Professor Emeritus of Anthropology,
 University of Chicago

Dr. Charlotte D. Elmott, City School Administration

Dr. Stephen S. Goodspeed, Asst. Prof. of Political Science,
 UCSBC

Dr. Robert M. Gottsdanker, Asst. Prof. of Psychology, UCSBC
 Rev. William M. Hildebrand (Methodist)

Dr. Prynce Hopkins, author, educator, psychologist

Dr. William F. Kennedy, Assoc. Prof. of Economics, UCSBC

Dr. Paul Kelly, Asst. Prof. of Mathematics, UCSBC

Miss Helen Thomson, Teacher, Santa Barbara High School

Dr. Henry A. Turner, Asst. Prof. of Political Science, UCSBC

What Is The American Friends Service Committee?

The American Friends Service Committee is one of the corporate expressions of Quaker faith and practice, and is based on the belief in the essential worth of each individual. Founded in 1917, the AFSC seeks to relieve human suffering, to ease tensions between individuals and groups, and to assist in genuine peace-making among nations.

What Is The Santa Barbara World Affairs Institute?

The Institute is an educational medium whereby all participants — not only the faculty — share knowledge, information, and insight on basic problems facing us as a nation and as individuals. The purpose is to clarify the issues on which public decisions are to be made.

In discussing this year's theme — "HOW CAN WE MEET THE CHALLENGE OF COMMUNISM?" — our question is essentially this: **What can we do, individually and collectively, to bulwark our preferred way of life, to meet the needs of the peoples of the world, and to weaken the hold of imposed and absolute totalitarianism throughout the world?** Limitations of time prevent our consideration of espionage and threatened military action posed by certain Communist countries.

Executive Committee for the Santa Barbara Institute

Mr. Percy Heckendorf, Chairman

Mrs. Herbert Fingarette Mr. Henry Turner

Mrs. John B. Hamilton Mr. Harold Sheets

Mrs. Virginia Leinaw Mrs. A. L. Murray Vhay

Mrs. Harold Plous Mrs. J. B. Yager

*Reluctant
? I wonder*

p 3 - too long involved sentence

*"I was two & ...;
three, four etc.
terrible panic that
year (not clear)*

[Maybe start —

*In 1893, when I was
three, — ...*

*22 = more forceful to
present ministry
suggestion all at
one - presentation;*

*loses punch by
being split ~~then~~*

*General comment
vary style a bit
more - transition
phrases on long
sentences, especially*

*In fact, cut
many of the longer
sentences into
two - more forceful
& clearer -*

*Often too many
things cranked in
single sentence*

SANTA BARBARA WORLD AFFAIRS INSTITUTE

3013 LOMITA

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

Chapter 1

THE AMERICA IN WHICH I GREW UP

Midway between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the First World War, on August 7, 1890, I was born in Fred, Texas, a hamlet in Tyler County, ~~in~~ forty miles north of Beaumont and thirty miles from the Louisiana border.

Only thirteen years previously had the last unit of the Federal army of occupation been withdrawn from Louisiana, thus ending the South's terrible ordeal of military subjugation. My people on both sides belonged to the Confederacy, and resided in Louisiana. They endured the hardships of wartime, felt the humiliation of defeat, suffered under the dreadful rule of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags, were engulfed in the South's utter economic ruin, and went through the severe panic of 1873. Life in those days was raw and rugged.

The population of the United States in 1890 was 63 million persons, nearly two-thirds of whom lived in rural areas. In all the land there were only 28 cities with population as high as 100,000, and only 134 cities of 25,000 or more. ~~If that year the largest cities in Texas~~
~~were~~

For the whole country average earnings were \$438 per year, and excluding farm labor the figure was \$486. The average for farm labor was \$233 without board. Multiply these figures by three and you will have purchasing power relative to the value of the dollar today. This means that at ~~the~~ present prices industrial workers then averaged less than \$1,500 per year, while farm labor received about \$700[^]. ^{at the present price level.} The earnings in Texas in my childhood were lower than these averages for the entire nation, with the result that life was then simple indeed.

Of course, we had no running water in the house, no bathroom and toilet, no electric light^s, refrigerator, washing machine, phonograph, radio, television, and no movies, commercialized entertainment or professional sports. Our houses were usually small, with a minimum

of crude furniture, mattresses stuffed with cornshucks or cotton or feathers and often without springs, wood stove, kerosene lamps and candles; large pitchers and washbasins, galvanized washtubs for our Saturday night bath, outdoor well and outdoor privy.

The roads were primitive, with practically no pavement and few paved sidewalks or streets. Automobiles did not arrive in that section until I was in my teens, and I can well remember the first one that I ever saw. Telephones were few and far between, and we did not have one in our house until after I was married.

Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States when I was born; the expenditures of the Federal Government in that year totaled 318 million dollars, of which 45 millions went to the War Department and 22 millions to the Navy; there were 166,000 civil employees of the Government; and the enrollment in the High Schools of the nation was 357,813.

Queen Victoria had been ruling for fifty-three years and was to reign until I was eleven. Kaiser Wilhelm assumed power in 1888. Czar Nicholas II ascended the throne when I was four; Lenin in the year of my birth was a young revolutionary in St. Petersburg; Stalin was eleven; and Karl Marx had gone to his reward seven years before. Jane Addams had founded Hull House in Chicago the year ^{previous} ~~before~~ ^{and Jefferson Davis had passed away.} Henry Ward Beecher and Phillip Brooks had been dead for three years, Franz Liszt for four years, Richard Wagner for seven, ^{Johannes Brahms for seven,} Henry Wadsworth Longfellow for eight, ^{William Cullen Bryant} The American Federation of Labor had been organized four years previously. The year

The University of Chicago was founded in 1890, Dwight D. Eisenhower was born in that year, Yosemite National Park and Sequoia National Park were opened, Woodrow Wilson went to Princeton, Theodore Roosevelt was United States Civil Service Commissioner, and Jacob Riis wrote How the Other Half Lives, ^{and}

and Ralph Waldo Emerson

I was born before my birth

John L. Sullivan won from Jack Kilrain in a bare-knuckle fight that went 75 rounds in New Orleans.

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Lyman Abbott, in The Christian Union had urged readers not to "refuse to play Croquet simply because it was a modified game of billiards on the lawn."

for twelve.

I was a year old when basketball was invented by Naismith at the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School, ~~and when~~ ^{James Russell Lowell and} Charlie Chaplin was born, and when The-greatest show-on-earth Barnum died;

I was two when Charles Duryea brought out a one cylinder automobile, Gladys Mary Smith (Mary Pickford to you) was born, Alfred Tennyson, John Greenleaf Whittier and Walt Whitman all passed into the great beyond;

three when Gandhi launched his campaign of non-violent resistance in South Africa, the Ford Motor Company was organized, ^{Leland Stanford died,} the terrible panic of that year brought ruin to America, and the open frontier with free land was near its end;

four when the Chinese-Japanese War began, and when Oliver Wendell Holmes died;

five when the income tax law was invalidated by the Supreme Court, ^{Herbert Hoover was graduated from Stanford,} and the first Gillette safety razor appeared;

six when George W. Carver went to Tuskegee, ^{Harriet Beecher Stowe and} Susan B. Anthony died, Utah and Idaho became the third and fourth States to adopt woman suffrage, Marconi gave his first demonstration of wireless telegraphy, ~~and~~ ^{William Jennings Bryan was nominated for the Presidency following his famous oration "The Cross of Gold;"}

seven when Fitzsimmons won from Gentleman Jim Corbett, ~~and~~ ^{Henry George died,} Charles M. Sheldon wrote In His Steps, and the Klondike gold rush began;

eight when the Spanish-American War began, Schumann-Heink first toured America, ^{Frances Willard,} William E. Gladstone and Prince Bismarck died, The Rosary was first sung in Boston;

nine at the beginning of the South African War, Kipling wrote The White Man's Burden, ^{Robert Ingersoll,} Dwight L. Moody ~~and~~ and Horatio Alger Jr. died, ~~and~~ Edwin Markham wrote The Man With The Hoe;

ten ^{when} Ty Cobb began playing with the Tigers, Christy Mathewson with the Giants, and Honus Wagner with the Pirates, ^{the first Davis Cup} the first subway in America was begun, and the Galveston flood took 6,000 lives;

eleven when the Spindletop oil well at Beaumont blew in, ~~and~~ ^{Robert M. La Follette became Governor of Wisconsin,} the United States Steel Corporation was founded, ^{and} Giuseppe Verdi

died, and Teddy Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House;

^{Fitzsimmons won} ~~Fitzsimmons~~

and the first automobile ever to cross the Missouri River was carried by rail to Wichita;

(after Wyoming and Colorado),

tennis matches were played,

thirteen when The Great Train Robbery, the first motion picture with a connected story was shown, the first automobile crossing from New York to San Francisco was made in fifty-two days, radium was discovered by Madame Curie and her husband, and Caruso began to reign at the Metropolitan, *and barbershop quartets ~~were~~ were singing ~~Rocky~~ Sweet Adeline;* fourteen at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, the completion of the Panama Canal, and the arrest of a woman in New York City for smoking a cigarette on Fifth Avenue;

fifteen when Will Rogers was featured at a horse show in Madison Square Garden, *Jay Cooke died,* the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was founded, and a yellow fever epidemic swept New Orleans;

sixteen at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, *and the Marshall Field died,* and the first demonstration of broadcasting, *and the forward pass was*

seventeen when the peak number of immigrants arriving in the United States reached 1,285,349 in that year, and when Statler built in Buffalo the first hotel with a private bath in every room.

was introduced in football, and Joe Gans won from Battling Nelson in forty-two rounds;

Chapter 2

MY FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS IN TEXAS

My father, James Andrew Thomas Page, was born about 1862, and came from North Carolina to Mississippi to Louisiana. My mother, Julia Isabella Pounds, was born on August 30, 1865, on the old plantation not far from present-day Bogalusa, Louisiana. Mother belonged to a large family, her father Isham Johnson Pounds and mother Sarah Kellar having one son and eight daughters. Grandfather Pounds was a Baptist minister, a slave owner and a Confederate soldier. Mother and father were married ^{on} January 13, 1884, and moved to Texas. Their first child died at birth, Alexander Leak was born on September 4, 1887, I appeared on August 7, 1890, Perry Leon arrived on July 31, 1894, Bessie came on May 16, 1898 and passed away on March 19, 1900.

The hamlet Fred where I was born was hardly more than a wide place in the road, and not much of a road at that, in the midst of heavy timber. Twenty miles away was the Big Thicket, a forest of two million acres, with almost ^{im}penetrable jungle and plenty of alligators, which provided a hiding place for gangs of bushwhackers and desperadoes. I was named for Henry Kirby who lived across the road, and uncle of John Henry Kirby, who became a wealthy lumberman. Twelve miles ~~distant~~ distant the village of Kirbyville was founded four years after my birth. The Neches River ^{is} ~~was~~ four miles away, and forty miles to the south is Beaumont, where the first oil gusher in Texas was brought in when I was eleven. In 1901 conditions were so wild and lawless that the Mayor of Beaumont issued a public warning to citizens "to tote guns an' tote 'em in your hands, not on your hips, so everyone can see you're loaded."

Father was engaged in the timber business, but apparently was not doing well because the year after I was born the family moved "a fur piece" to Hondo, 42 miles ^{beyond} ~~west of~~ San Antonio, in the ^{and woolly} wild west. The journey of about 350 miles was made in a covered wagon. In Hondo father opened

~~my father~~ a small store, but he did not stay with it ~~very~~ long because he decided to study medicine. In all America at that time there was only a limited number of well trained doctors, and in such a pioneer region as Texas the ^{standard} level was primitive indeed. It is not surprising therefore that father had only two periods of five months each as his total medical education. Leaving mother to run the little store and provide for two children, father matriculated in Arkansas Industrial University, in Little Rock, on November 21, 1891, for the term of about five months. Then our family moved to Serbin, where father began the practice of medicine. The next year found us in Paige, where after a short period of medical practice, and ~~after~~ three months after Perry's birth, father went for further training to the Memphis Hospital Medical College in Tennessee. We then moved to Wheelock, following which in 1896 father established a medical practice in Lott, twenty-eight miles south of Waco, where we remained until 1905.

My earliest recollections begin with Wheelock, where for a single day I attended school. I was so lonely, frightened and cried so loudly that mother did not have the heart to send me back. So my schooling was done in Lott. Father was a horse-and-buggy doctor, with a practice which took him out to remote places at all times of the day and night in every sort of weather. He had a belligerent disposition and always went armed (as many men did in that day) and kept a loaded pistol in a drawer of his office desk. He had several shooting scraps and a number of fist-fights.

Early we learned to ride his horses and there are tall tales of the narrow escapes we had. Once we dared Leak to jump off the smoke-house, and in coming down he encountered a clothes line, cutting his mouth badly. From that same height I jumped and hit my head on a stump. In hoeing cotton one day I nicked Leak on the back of his heel. I cannot remember which one of us it was who pushed the other one out of the window on broken glass. We played the usual running and chasing

games, and had our share of fights. Our ^{school} ~~own~~ baseball team made a memorable trip to Chilton, six miles away, with Leak pitching while I was behind the bat. With dogs we hunted cottontails and jackrabbits, and shot birds with our small rifles. One of ^{our} ~~the~~ sports was trapping field larks, "feelarks" we called them. Once when trying to pull a rabbit out of a hole, I got hold of a skunk and received the full benefit of his barrage, ^{and} ~~when I~~ ^{reached} home it seemed to me that mother no longer loved me. When fourteen, in running across ploughed ground where the clods were about as hard as rocks, I fell and broke a kneecap, and was kept in bed for three months and had to walk on crutches for another six months.

When I was ten or eleven our home was broken by divorce. Father and mother had proved to be incompatible almost from the beginning of their married life. He had a fiery temper and was impetuous, while she was strong willed and sensitive. At Lott he began drinking heavily, partly because of long hours of exposure in all kinds of weather. Finally he disappeared, leaving us without any means of support. Then came letters demanding that mother obtain a divorce, against which she had strong ^{religious} scruples. When she persisted in her refusal, he sent letters in which he threatened to kill himself. So in desperation she obtained a divorce, and he ^{again} ~~was~~ married. After that I saw him only a few times before his death.

Mother took in boarders, and we boys did odd jobs. One summer I clerked in a grocery store for \$5 a month. And I had a job in a produce store, sorting vile-smelling hides, and candling eggs, that is, holding them before a candle and testing them for freshness. I received extra compensation in the form of rotten eggs, which I threw at telephone poles. During some summer vacations we picked cotton for the neighboring farmers, receiving fifty to sixty cents per hundred pounds. The most that I ever picked in one day was 226 pounds when the picking was exceptionally good. Usually I picked from ⁸⁰ ~~sixty~~ to 150 pounds. With ~~the~~ our earnings one summer mother let us order bicycles from Sears, Roebuck and Company in Chicago. No owner of an

a Roll's Rosce

owner of ~~an automobile~~ ever ~~got~~ received a greater thrill than we did when we took them out of the crates and mounted them. We kept a cow, chickens, pigs, and had a garden and fruit trees, thus providing ourselves with much of our food.

One of the excitements we had was being routed out bed in the middle of the night by mother and hustled into the storm-house. Hard winds and cyclones were frequent and houses were often blown down, so almost every family in town had built a dug-out with the roof above ground, which we called a storm-house. A couple of bunks were built in, old quilts were stored, and a kerosene lamp was ready for an emergency. In that area lightning is vivid and thunder is often deafening. When it rained hard we said: "It ^s raining bull-yearlings." I remember with utmost ~~clarity~~ clarity an especially terrible storm which hit us on September 8, 1900, and raged all the next day. Eventually we learned that this storm had inundated the island on which Galveston ^{is} ~~was~~ built, to a depth of ten to twenty feet in many sections of the city, and that 6,000 persons had been drowned. Years later I learned that my wife's step-father had been in Galveston on that awful night, and had saved his life by floating on his back for several hours.

For nine years we were cooped up in Lott, although several times we drove in a buggy to Marlin, twelve miles away, and once we had the thrill of riding on the train to far-off Waco, twenty-eight miles distant. A few times we drove out to nearby Westphalia, where there was a large Catholic Church, which frightened us terribly, because we were told that the ^basement was full of guns and ammunition which sometime might be used on us Protestants.

From the moment of my earliest recollections our family was religious, attending church, Sunday School and prayer meeting with regularity. Mother and father belonged to the Church of Christ, where the members proudly referred to themselves as Non-Progressives, in distinction from the Churches of Christ which had more modern views. We did not have a

regular pastor, but once when an evangelist was holding a meeting, at the age of thirteen I went down and made the confession, and next day ^{outdoor} was immersed in a farmer's tank. I was taught that we were the true church and only our members would be saved, all other church members and non-members would be damned eternally in a literal hell of fire. I remember once an evangelist displayed behind the pulpit a ^{crude} ~~vivid~~ painting of a sinner being held by the hair of his head over a flaming lake of fire, and in his sermons gave ^{us} adequate warnings.

Soon after I joined the church, I became concerned about the salvation of my closest friend, a boy of my own age, Basil Hayes, son of a local doctor. Out behind the barn I talked with him most earnestly, saying to him: "Basil, you don't need to go to hell. Come over and join our church and be saved." He proved to be recalcitrant and went on his unredeemed way as a Baptist. That was a day of religious debates and I have a vague memory of a spirited contest between a Church of Christ preacher and a Baptist, the former contending that we must be immersed in order to be saved, while the latter maintained that immersion is a sign that we have been saved, both agreeing that immersion is essential to salvation.

Our Sunday School class for boys and girls met in one corner of the single-room church, and was taught by an elderly German, Brother Gott. At the beginning of each session he would say: "Now children, where shall we find our Bible lesson for the day?" And he would open the Bible at random, put his finger on a verse, and that would be the text of our lesson. We believed that every verse of the Holy Book was equally infallible and suitable for instruction. Sunday School literature was then looked upon as a dangerous innovation. No musical instruments were permitted in the church, except a tuning-fork from which we got the pitch for our hymns.

For some reason I never became morbid in fear of hell fire, perhaps because I was so sure that I would never go there. My understanding of religion was narrow and bigoted but a source of inspiration and discipline.

^{Not}
 Mother believed that to spare the ~~road~~ was to spoil the child and often acted on this principle. The Sabbath, which was Sunday with us, was strictly observed. We were allowed to take walks and to read, but not to go fishing or to play checkers. Of course, our home was never defiled by a deck of playing cards. Many years later I remember that mother was scandalized when she found that a boarder had smuggled a bottle of ~~ginger~~ ginger ale into the icebox. She told him never to do it again, saying: "This is a respectable home."

Mother kept us away from the rough section gang down by the railroad, and only a few times did I overhear obscene stories. We subscribed to The Youth's Companion and eagerly devoured every word of it. Mother managed to buy a few books and we borrowed others from the neighbors. Of course, there was no public library in the town. I remember especially the G. A. Henty and Horatio Alger stories, which assured us that success always comes to good and thrifty boys. Two of my close friends made good in a big way, Tom Currie becoming President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Austin, and Basil Hayes making a name for himself as a doctor in Oklahoma City. There was a copy of Charles Kingsley's Hypatia in the house, but we boys were not allowed to read it because it would ^{fill} our minds with ~~immature~~ ^{improper} suggestions.

^{Satisfying}
 My childhood days in Lott were happy and ~~rewarding~~. By nature I was buoyant and hopeful. I cannot remember any times of brooding and melancholy. I did well in my classes at school, enjoyed reading, and over the death of little Bessie and father's going zestfully played games. Mother's unhappiness did not prove to be contagious. ^{To an amazing degree} ~~partly~~ my recollections are joyous.

^{pneumonia two winters in}
 We left Texas because of Perry's health. He had a ~~bad winter of~~ ^{that another Sabbath might} coughing and the local doctor warned ~~the pneumonia might~~ ^{decided} take him away. ~~at once~~ Mother became so alarmed that she ~~decided~~ that we would move to sunny California. From the Chambers of Commerce in Santa Barbara and Pasadena we received beautifully colored folders showing the glories of the respective cities. I can still ~~remember~~ ^{remember} our excitement as we argued among ourselves before deciding upon Pasadena. Mother sold our house and lot for \$550 cash. We packed our household goods and sent them by freight, and soon, on April 12, 1905, the Southern Pacific was bearing us to our new home. Mother had packed enough ~~friend~~ ^{friend} chicken, biscuits, cakes and pies to satisfy us until we reached our destination.

succession

Chapter 3

AS A HOTEL BELLHOP IN PASADENA

Upon arrival in Pasadena mother decided that Leak should at once enter business college for the training which would enable him to become the chief breadwinner of the family. I got a job as delivery boy for the old Boston Store, ^{and} my work was done on a bicycle with a wire basket attached. The riding up and down the hills of ~~the~~ the city developed my leg muscles in a way that proved to be ^{useful} ~~and~~ later when in college I played basketball. I went through the usual period of being "smart-alecky" ^{sometimes} and rode with my feet on the handlebars. This practice was abruptly ^{once} terminated when the front wheel slipped on ^a ~~the~~ streetcar track. Years later I found words to describe what happened, ^{the words of} ~~the words of~~ ^{who} a Congressman was thrown from his horse, and upon regaining consciousness, exclaimed: "What a mighty upheaval of all nature."

Soon I found a job with better pay, as a bellhop at the La Casa Grande Hotel, on Colfado Street. ~~During~~ I can't recall the ~~my~~ salary I received, but it was supplemented by tips. ^{gratuities.} On Christmas day I received the literal fortune of ten dollars ^{in tips from guests.} My work was the usual running of errands, ^{and waiting on guests.} Our hotel did not handle liquor, but frequently I was sent across the street to Hotel Maryland to bring ^{a bottle to a party.} ~~liquor~~ My conscience bothered me but I did not know what else to do. One ^{morning} ~~day~~ in carrying a breakfast tray to the manager's wife, I stumbled and emptied ~~the~~ ^{was stretched out} it on her as she ~~was~~ in bed. ~~Moral standards among the clerks and waitresses were low, but I escaped without dissipation.~~

In the meantime Leak had finished business college and obtained a position as bookkeeper at the Brand Manufacturing Company on South Fair Oaks Avenue. After some months at the hotel, I was offered a job at the same place. My new work was estimating bids on sash and door contracts. I was taught to read blueprints and to calculate the ^{lowest} price for which the company could afford to take the job. I ~~was~~ ^{had other duties in} the office, and occasionally did some work at one of the machines in the shop. Both Leak and I held these positions until we moved from Pasadena.

Our first home in Pasadena was on East Orange Grove. We then moved to South Mentor, three or four blocks from Colorado Street. After that we found a more suitable place, 1777 Kirkwood Avenue (now Navarro Avenue), where we had fruit trees and plenty of room for a garden. We walked four blocks to the streetcar line at Fair Oaks and Washington, where the old La Pintoresca Hotel was located.

Before daylight on the morning of April, 18, 1906, we were awakened when mother called us to come quickly. She said that somebody was shaking her bed. We looked but there was no one under the bed. Later we learned that what ^{had} frightened her was the earthquake which had been felt over much of the state and had rocked San Francisco, destroying the water-supply system, ^{and with the fire} destroying property to the value of 500 million dollars, and taking 500 lives.

We had to watch our pennies, but mother permitted us to go to the old Ostrich farm, and on New Year's day we attended the Tournament of Roses and were goggle-eyed at the chariot races, ~~which~~ ^{which} were the main attraction in those days.

We attended the Central Christian Church, of which the Reverend Frank M. Dowling was minister, ^{and} ~~we~~ were regular in attendance at Sunday School, morning service, Christian Endeavor and evening service. Leak and I won a prize for memorizing the most Bible verses, and were rewarded with a free trip to Mount Lowe on the inclined railway. Later we three boys climbed to the same spot, and in coming down forsook the trail for a more direct route and almost ran into serious trouble. We made an occasional trip to the beach and enjoyed swimming in the ocean.

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We left Pasadena because mother was determined to prevent Leak from marrying the young lady he had selected. Mother strongly dis-
approved of her ^{and} said that she was not worthy of him. When ^{Leak} ~~he~~ resisted her entreaties to break off the whole affair, mother took drastic action. She announced that we were moving back to her old home in Louisiana. And this we did. On the continental divide, it takes just ^{running} a pebble to swerve water from its eastward course and send it into

the Pacific ocean. So it was with mother's disapproval of Martha. The course of our lives was diverted into entirely different channels from what would have been the case if Leak and Martha had been married and we had remained in Pasadena, where we were happy and enjoying life to the utmost. In all probability I would never have met my wife, gone to Drake, or traveled with Sherwood Eddy. At any rate, we boarded the train for New Orleans, via Salt Lake City, Colorado and northwest Texas.

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Chapter 6

REWARDING EXPERIENCES AT DRAKE UNIVERSITY

My four years at Drake were happy and exhilarating, and rewarding in plentiful measure. I was blessed with robust health and abounding energy, had a high purpose in being there, was completely absorbed in what I was doing, and received a constant flow of letters from Alma.

I had chosen Drake University because ~~of~~ the Bible College (now the Divinity School) ~~where~~ ^{students} prepared ~~me~~ for the ministry of the Disciples of Christ (Christian Church), and because of the conclusion that it ^{be} would be easier to work my way through in a city the size of Des Moines. I was offered a part time job at the city Y. M. C. A., but accepted instead stenographic work as secretary to ~~the~~ Dean Kirk of the Bible College, and later for Professor Walter S. Athearn, ^{and Coach John L. Griffith}. I roomed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Middleton; with Jack Logan, later Superintendant of Schools in Waterloo, as roommate; and with Marvin Sansbury, later Minister of the University Church in Des Moines and President of the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, and Frank James in an adjoining room. Harry Middleton became a physician and settled in Alton, Illionis, while Vance is a dentist in Los Angeles. *In other*

II

During my day at Drake (1911-1915) we came under the influence of a gifted and devoted group of teachers. Heavy indeed is my indebtedness, especially to Professor ^s Herbert Martin, Walter S. Athearn, Edwin E. Stringfellow, and F. I. Herriot. They shared themselves with us in full measure, and proved to be inspiring and provocative of thought. It was easy for me to study - when my time was not too heavily mortgaged by outside activities - and I enjoyed the classroom.

Professor Athearn and Professor Martin guided me safely through the period of transition from ~~the~~ ^s one point of view in religion to a more vital and satisfaction ^{begin} experience. The Reverend Charles S. Medbury, minister of the University Christian Church, made an incalculable contribution to my spiritual growth, through his invigorating sermons and through personal counsel. I was drawn closely to him, partly because in my opening weeks at Drake I was elected president of Christian Endeavor

*4 years I roomed with Arthur E. Ellis H
and Leland Mendenhall.*

in the University Church, at that time the largest Christian Endeavor society in the world, and was in constant touch with him. Later he was to ordain me ^{to} ~~for~~ the Christian ministry. Almost equally substantial was the help I received from the Reverend Finis S. Idleman, Minister of the Central Christian Church down in the city, where I had charge of a boy's club ~~twice~~ two nights per week during my freshman year. These four men especially opened for me windows of vision of the breadth and depth of our Christian faith, and helped to send down deep roots of Christian experience. (over)

In Professor Stringfellow's classes I was introduced to ^{the writings of} Walter Rauschenbusch, Washington Gladden, Francis Peabody and other pioneers of the social gospel. Professor Athearn brought to us a fresh and invigorating point of view in religious education. My major was in Sociology under Professor Herriot. He was an unreconstructed individualist, spirited and ~~irascible~~ ^{and there was} ~~even~~ never a dull moment in his classes. We used Herbert Spencer's ^{volumes} ~~works~~ as textbooks, and must have been one of the last classes in the world to do so.

The contrast between Spencer and Rauschenbusch was sharp indeed. The former maintained that the state should intervene ^{only} by punishing crimes against person or property, such crimes as are recognized by the common sense of mankind, murder, arson, robbery, assault. Beyond this the state should not interfere with the individual, but leave him alone, laissez-faire. Spencer was opposed to tax-supported state management of the postoffice, public poor relief, education, sanitary inspection by government officials, ^{and} factory legislation, ^{and} public libraries, public research, public museums, public parks and recreation centers. In his view the function of the state was purely negative: it should ~~or punish~~ prevent universally recognized crimes, ^{and} ← Professor Rauschenbusch, on the hand, was a Christian socialist, who looked upon the state as ^{an} ~~an~~ instrument in the hands of the citizens to be used in promoting their common welfare. ^{It} It would have been difficult for us to have had an experience more provocative of thought than to go back and forth from the classes of Professor Herriot and Professor Stringfellow. Both were excellent teachers. Once in Professor Herriot's class, a football player by the name of Zoo Crowell asked him: "Why is ^{it} professor, that your argument is always the same as that

and punish guilty offenders.

With Professor Martin I became especially intimate, partly because in my senior year I graded philosophy papers in his office, along with Cecil Cheverton, who became President of Chapman College, and a professor at Texas Christian University. A class in New Testament Greek under Dean Norton was intellectually and spiritually stimulating. He was a dry wit and enlivened the class with such gems as ^{on the occasion} ~~was~~ when Bill Melendy made a terrible boner in reciting, ^{saying} ~~when he said~~ gravely: "Mr. Melendy, if you ever see a specimen like that running loose on the streets, grab it by the tail and bring it into class." ^{after he caught me napping in an eight o'clock class,} Once he called me into his office and concluded our conversation with the observation: "Mr. Page, you could get this Greek if you would."

remainder
 of a saloon keeper?" And for the ~~rest~~ of the class period the fur
 flew, while the professor's eyes flashed and nervously he tossed his ^{branch of}
 keys up and down. Once in one of his classes I was fool-hardy enough
 to whisper to John Gratton: "Watch me get him!" Alas, alas, my challenge
 was overheard and accepted, and before he had finished with me, was my
 face red! I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the challenge to
 thought which came from these contrasting points of view. Professor
 Herriot would not have thanked me for saying it, but he was a major
 factor in my becoming a ~~the~~ socialist Christian. As a friend he was
 warm and solicitous, and it was he who later handed me ^{over} Phi Beta
 Kappa key. I did well enough in my grades to be awarded the Holmes
 Cowper Trophy which went to the athletic letter-man with the highest average

III

I was up to my neck in student activities from the moment of arrival
 on the campus. ^{over} I narrowly missed being elected president of the freshman
 class, being nosed out in ~~the~~ session the next day by Tom Watters,
 from ~~the~~ East High. ^{In my sophomore year I was chosen class president.} In the pushball contest, with a six-foot
 inflated sphere, I was the first to throw myself against the ball,
 much to my physical detriment as I was hurled back ^{when} the sophs ~~came~~ moved forward
 in ~~solid~~ solid phalanx. In the annual fight, we freshmen used eggs
 of ancient vintage, ^{buying 36 dozen for a total of twenty cents.} With own hair dripping with yellow yokes, I
 had an opponent down when he entreated me to let him get the egg out
 of his eyes, saying that I could then take the same hold. One night
 before a big game we climbed out on the high roof of Old Main and
 inched our way to the bell ~~tower~~ tower and left our calling card on
 the bell.

^{As} an experienced tennis player, ^I was beaten ^{only in} the finals
 by Russ Nicholson. After that I won five fall and spring university
 tournaments, and succeeded in winning the state intercollegiate tennis
 championship in my junior and senior ^{years,} and in those years teamed up
 with Nicholson ^{to} win the state doubles championship. Truthfulness demands
 admission the ~~competition~~ that college tennis in those days was primitive in
 contrast to the ^{quality} ~~brand~~ witnessed in college matches today. Years later,

receiving grades for the year (year), Belmont: A's.
 12 C's, 13 A's, 22 B's
 20's.

(A) I was older than most of the freshmen, being twenty-one, and ^{being} had the substantial advantage of being more widely experienced, having traveled from Texas to Wisconsin and from California to New York, and ^{been a} ~~been a~~ ^{U.M.C.A. secretary and} ~~more practiced as a~~ having ~~had more practice as~~ a public speaker. Then too my self-assured aggressiveness was not below par, while ^{my mop} ~~the mop~~ of my curly hair was a novelty, to say the least.

(B) ^{Heubim} I received special ^{consideration} ~~consideration~~ in a freshman ^{course} ~~class~~ in English when Miss Jordan read one of my theme papers to the class, as flagrant example of how not to do it.

after I had taught our son all the tennis he knew, on the courts of Whittier College, Kay trimmed me severely and as we walked off ~~the~~

~~he~~ said in a condescending way: "The trouble with you, dad, is that you ^{don't} know how to hold your racquet!"

Basketball was an attractive sport for me and I managed to win my letter three times as a guard. Colleges often have peak years in succession in a given sport. Well, our basketball teams for my three years ^{always} were in the valley, losing most of our big games. Were we surprised, therefore, when once we walloped Nebraska! In looking over old clippings, I notice these scores: Iowa State 11, Duke 6; Neb. 21, Duke 4. If there had been professional basketball teams in those days, it is certain that I would not have been tempted to turn from the ministry. (A)

→ In my junior year I was editor of The Quax, our college annual, with my roommate Arthur E. Elliott, who later went to ~~Latin~~ Paraguay as a missionary and then to Phillips University, as business manager. Our high hopes of accumulating a small fortune from the venture were not realized, but we did ~~devote~~ ^{devote} an immense amount of work ^{to} it. For several weeks before publication I actually spent eight and ten hours daily on finishing touches. Helen Jarvis and Elma Wheatley

In the spring of my freshman year, I was elected president of the college Y. M. C. A. and was re-elected for three successive years, chiefly because of my experience in Houston. During part of the time I was the ^{almost} equivalent of an employed secretary, without the salary! (Also I was president of the Student Volunteer Band. ~~was~~ ^{was} elected to Helmet and Spurs, the senior honorary society.) (over)

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If one of my vivid recollections ^{is} the reminder that invariably came from Harry Leach when I inquired, "How are you doing this morning, Harry?" and in melancholy tones he would say: "Oh, I'm feeling a little peak & weak today."

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also spent much time on the annual.

(A)

The Drake Relays brought to our stadium every year many of the greatest athletes of the nation. ~~The music department was directed by Helms Gumpert~~ Many eminent singers ~~were brought~~ ^{also came} to the campus - Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Slezak, Bonci, in addition to the frequent recitals and concerts by the able members of the our own College of Music. Many outstanding speakers came to Des Moines in my days at Drake - William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Caspar Rene Gregory, Charles E. Jefferson, Raymond Robins, Dad Elliott, W. Stanley Hall, Herbert L. Willett.

I joined a local fraternity, Kappa Lambda, which later became a local chapter of the national fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega. After leaving Drake I ^{came to the conviction} ~~reached the conclusion~~ that national fraternities ^{are} ~~are~~ not desirable on a college campus, and returned my pin.

(B)

During the Christmas vacation, 1912, the Drake Y sent a Gospel Team to Manson, for evangelistic meetings and personal work among the young people of the community. Jack Logan, Everett Fisher, Rex Cole and I had a wonderful experience during these days.

(C)

On March 26, 1913, Leak wrote to me from California that "Jesus will come again in 1915... There are six or eight different lines of prophecies that all point to 1915. I am in earnest! ... I am satisfied that your college education will scarcely be over when He comes." His long argument did not convince me, and wrote him that I would file ^{and see} ~~his~~ letter. Later he wrote to me that he was mistaken about the year 1915, but was confident of the return of our Lord. ^{Speedy} ~~soon~~

IV

Student preaching was an experience that I greatly enjoyed during my years at Drake. I had come to the university for the purpose of equipping myself for the ministry, ^{and} ~~but~~ had learned to make short talks at Christian Endeavor in Houston and Des Moines, so I welcomed the invitation from Marvin Sansbury to preach my first sermon at Redfield, where he was student pastor. ~~So~~ In the spring of 1912 I thus began my preaching ministry. A few weeks later Dean Kirk gave me a chance to try out for a church of my own. I took the train to Udell, laid over five hours waiting for another train to Bunch, where I preached on Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. At the morning service while I was preaching my notes blew off the ^{pulpit} and landed under the front seat. I gravely walked down and got them and continued. At the conclusion an elder of the church arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, it is not right that this young man should come all the way down here from Des Moines and pay his ^{own} expenses, so I'm coming around." When he ~~passed~~ ^{passed} the offering ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~at~~ the communion table and counted it, he again arose: "There is not enough here to pay the young man's expenses, so I'm coming again!" They invited me to return every two weeks, ^{and} I received about \$7 per trip above railroad fare. In returning I had to change trains again, with a long wait ~~there~~, reaching Des Moines on Monday morning just in time for my first class.

For the next three years I was student pastor of the Christian Church at Monteith, in Guthrie County, ^{about} ~~over~~ fifty miles from Des Moines, going out every Sunday and preaching twice. This proved to be a wonderful experience. The people were warm and appreciative, ^{and} the supply of fried chicken seemed inexhaustible. Usually I went out on Saturday mornings and had time to visit around, but when the pressure at college was especially heavy, I would ^{on Sunday} ~~take an early train~~ take an early train to Menlo, since there was no Sunday train on the branch line to Monteith, and someone would meet me. One Sunday morning the snow was so deep that the roads were blocked, and in helping the driver of the sleigh ^{to} dig out, I froze one of my feet. When we finally get to Monteith, Alice Reed told me to take off my shoes and bath my feet in ~~hot~~ kerosene and then in hot water. I shivered into the pulpit just in time to begin my sermon!

It almost makes me shudder to think how poorly prepared some of my sermons were and ~~and~~ what the congregation sometimes had to endure. But on many sermons I did put serious work and soon was in love with preaching. My three years at Monteith were filled ^{with} satisfaction and joy.

(B)

V

Attendance at student conferences ~~played a~~ played a formative part in my experience at Drake. In February, 1912, I was sent as a delegate to the State Missionary Conference, at Cornell College. Among the speakers were Arthur Rugh, from China; Philip A Swartz and Joseph Robbins, secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement; Mrs. L. D. Garst, of Japan; Reverend Titus Lowe, of India. The impression made upon me was deep and enduring. A few weeks later Phil Swartz, now minister of the First Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, New York, visited our campus, and made a strong appeal to me to consider foreign work as my life vocation. Thoughtfully he followed up this conversation with a letter which is before me now, dated April 12, 1912, in which he asked if I had been able to reach a decision "to go to this largest field of service for the Master." *Later D. F. McClelland, another*

After the Cornell Conference, I had written to Alma about the possibility of our going to the foreign field, and on exactly the same that Phil Swartz wrote/ she sent me a long letter about this prospect. We did not reach an immediate decision, but undoubtedly the combination of the conference, the talk with Swartz and the letter from him, laid a solid foundation ~~that~~ for our subsequent decision. (A)

both gave At the end of my sophomore and junior years, I attended the student conferences at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, where I was greatly influenced by the addresses of John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Bishop McDowell, Bishop Henderson, John Timothy Stone, E. T. Colton, Charles Hurrey, and other leaders. On the first of these occasions, E. C. Carter, national secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, offered me the position as his private secretary in India. It did not seem wise for me to accept at that time, but I did act upon the conviction which had been forming in *after one of his moving addresses, Rex Cole and* my mind, and signed the declaration of purpose card of the Student Volunteer Movement, saying that it was ^{our} purpose to become a foreign missionaries.

S. V. M. secretary talked with me about service on the foreign field.

(A)

A few weeks earlier I had written to her: "I was thinking the other day that I hadn't had a real rest of any length since we moved to Houston, nearly seven years ago." *In those days my energy seemed to be unbounded.*

(B)

My first summer vacation was spent in Houston, working for the Y. M. C. A. It was wonderful to be with mother again and to see Alma almost constantly. On December 3, 1912, mother ^{was} married ^{to} George Washington Murry and moved to Oklahoma. He was much older than she. Formerly he had stayed for a while with his sister in Lott, who lived next door to us. He had staked out a claim in Oklahoma and was living alone. Since mother also was alone they decided that it would be sensible to be married. The next summer I attended the student conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and then made a brief visit to see Alma in Houston, ^{went on to see} and ~~then returned~~ mother. From the railway station at Gage, I rode with ^{the} mail carrier in his hack to mother's place, 43 miles from the railway. At that time they were living in a dug-out, a sod house with only the roof above ground. The next year they built a comfortable home. During my third summer vacation, I continued preaching at Monteith, spent some time in canvassing for subscriptions to ~~the~~ Public Opinion (without much success) and went to Houston late in the summer.

In my ^{junior} ~~senior~~ year I was president of the Student Volunteer Band,
 and put a lot of energy into it. Our early morning meetings of worship
 and fellowship were among the most enduring influences of my college days.
 We enrolled fifteen delegates to the International Convention of the Student
 Volunteer Movement at Kansas City ^{at the end of} ~~from~~ December 31 ^{and early} to January 1, 1914.
 Alma came up with a delegation from Texas Christian University, where she
 was then a student, and we had a truly marvelous experience together, as
 we listened to the moving addresses of John R. Mott, Sherwood Eddy, Robert
 William Jennings Bryan, Samuel Zwemer,
 E. Speer, and a host of other leaders, and made plans for our own future.
 Five of the fifteen Drake delegates eventually went to the foreign field.

Alma and I changed our minds several times about our the date of
 our wedding. For a while we expected to be married in 1913, and then
 decided it would be wiser to wait until I was graduated from Drake. But
 when I was visiting mother in Oklahoma in August, 1914, before going on
 to see Alma in Houston, I reached a certain conviction that we ought to
 be married without further delay. So on August 8th I wrote to her:
 "Some sixteen hundred and fifty eight days ago I asked you the all important
 question - 'Will you marry me?' Today I am taking the liberty of asking
 you another vital question - Will you marry me - not at some indefinite
 time in the future, but now, within the next thirty days?" She consented
 and we were married at a private wedding in the study of the Central
 Christian Church, by Mr. Lockhart, on September 2, 1914, and went
 immediately to Des Moines.

Our last year at Drake was a glorious experience. Both of us took
 full courses. The church at Monteith raised my salary from \$15 per week
 to \$17.50, out of which we had to pay railroad fare, and Alma often went
 with me for the Sundays there. ~~We~~ ^{They} were now fully determined to become
 missionaries to China, and decided to do ^{further} ~~graduate~~ study before going.

At graduation I was ordained to the ministry of the Disciples of Christ
 by Dr. Medbury. ~~We~~ ^{They} set our faces toward Chicago and the Far East.

with an accumulated college debt
 of \$800, we then

In the spring of my senior year, I was Christian
 offered the position of City evangelist of the
 Church of Des Moines, but we

Dean Brown of Yale Divinity School assured
me that with a scholarship and
outside employment, I would be
able to earn expenses. [↑] WE were
preparing to go ^{to Yale} ~~there~~ ^{when} unexpectedly
I received a call to the Morgan
Park Christian Church in
Chicago. Mrs. Lockhart was
passing through Chicago and
talked with the Reverend C. G.
Kinsler about me. The result
was ~~of~~ this call at a salary of
\$20 per week. Thus for the second
time our lives were entered into new
channels by the influence of H. S. Lockhart.

Mrs. Scott has written to the
New Haven Y. M. C. A.
and I had received
word that I could
work there part time.

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(2)

In the spring of 1915 I received a letter from Frank Garrett offering me a position as office secretary ~~at~~ at the Nanking School of Theology, at a salary of \$600 per year. I declined because ~~we~~ ^{and that we} were not yet ready for the foreign field. ~~felt that I needed more graduate study, and that we were not yet ready for the foreign field.~~

Chapter 7

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Soon after graduation we went to Chicago, moved into a small apartment at \$20 per month, and I enrolled in the University for the ^SSummer ~~session~~ session. The Morgan Park Christian Church was only a mission of the Englewood Christian Church, of which the Reverend C. G. Kindred was minister. It had only a few members and services of worship were held in the auditorium of the Morgan Park Military Academy. ^{The} ~~My~~ contract called for my services ^{with the church} on Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday evenings, with the remainder of my time available for work at the university. My salary from the church was \$20 per week.

We greatly enjoyed our work. I preached twice on Sunday and made a talk at prayer-meeting. I took seriously the preparation of my sermons and received encouragement from the response of the tiny congregation. It took nearly an hour on the streetcar to go from Morgan Park to the university, but I learned to become absorbed in a book.

The courses at the university were inspiring and provocative of thought. I profited especially from ^{those} ~~the courses~~ of Graham Taylor and Charles Raymond Henderson, and was greatly benefitted by the ~~courses~~ ^{J. M. P. Smith,} classes ~~with~~ Shailer Mathews, Gerald Birney Smith and Theodore G. Soares. Many of the outstanding ministers of the country came to the university chapel. As a partial requirement for the Master's degree, I wrote a history of the Y. M. C. A. in China, but I was destined to leave the campus before the end of the year, ^{after a stay of eight months} It happened this way.

One day Dad Elliott, regional student secretary of the Y. M. C. A., whom I had known at Drake and the Geneva conferences, and I were walking down the street when suddenly he asked me, "Did you ever think of getting a job with John R. Mott or Sherwood Eddy, and traveling with them?" I replied that I never had, whereupon he said: "I think I can get you in with one of them." My rejoinder was, "It won't do any harm to try." ^{Some months later} ~~Within a short time~~ I received a telegram from Fletcher S. Brockman, Associate General Secretary of the International Committee of the Association, asking me to meet him in Chicago. When I did so, he said that Sherwood

Eddy was looking for a secretary, ~~he had made an offer~~ although it was not certain that the position was open because ^{he} ~~Eddy~~ had made an offer to Paul Danner in India and was waiting for his reply. ~~Eddy had made an offer~~ ^{Brockman informed} ~~that only an unmarried man's salary was available.~~ ^{Brockman} When ~~he~~ reported in New York, I received a letter from B. R. Barber, secretary to Dr. Mott, saying that they were sorry that I was not available because they wanted a man to begin immediately and could ^{only} offer the salary of ^{an unmarried} ~~single~~ man.

^I Alma and then made one of the crucial decisions of our lives.

We had heard Sherwood Eddy at the Kansas City Convention and when he came to Des Moines, knew him to be one of the greatest evangelists of the day. The position with him would provide travel in many lands and contacts with leaders everywhere. As preparation for our contemplated work in China, the position would be ideal. So we plunged. I wrote to Barber that if he had given the only two reasons why my name was no longer being considered, I would come at once and accept whatever ^{Salary} ~~was~~ was available.

Then we received a telegram from Brockman, urging me to come to New York to work with Sherwood Eddy at least temporarily, and then go to China as secretary to Charles W. Harvey, the national general secretary of the Association, if Paul Danner accepted the position with Eddy. If Danner declined, I ^{would} ~~would~~ continue with Eddy for two years. ^{Sherwood}

We ~~talked~~ talked and prayed about the matter until our minds were clear that we ought to make the venture. Our situation was complicated by the fact that on January 2, 1916, Kirby Jr. had been born, and that we were heavily in debt. Even so, we felt that we ought to follow clear guidance. ^{always} Alma has been like that. The members of the church were willing to have us take advantage of such a wonderful opportunity. And soon Alma was on the way to Oklahoma to stay with mother, before going on to her mother in Houston, and I boarded a train for New York. ^{on March 13, 1916,}

Chapter 1

THE AMERICA IN WHICH I GREW UP

Midway between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the First World War, on August 7, 1890, I was born in Fred, Texas, a hamlet in Tyler County, forty miles north of Beaumont and thirty miles from the Louisiana border.

Only thirteen years previously had the last unit of the Federal army of occupation been withdrawn from Louisiana, thus ending the South's terrible ordeal of military subjugation. My people on both sides belonged to the Confederacy, and resided in Louisiana. They endured the hardships of wartime, felt the humiliation of defeat, suffered under the dreadful rule of Carpetbaggers and Scalawags, were engulfed in the South's utter economic ruin, and went through the severe panic of 1873. Life in those days was raw and rugged.

The population of the United States in 1890 was 63 million persons, nearly two-thirds of whom lived in rural areas. In all the land there were only 28 cities with population as high as 100,000, and only 134 cities of 25,000 or more.

For the whole country average earnings were \$438 per year, and excluding farm labor the figure was \$468. The average for farm labor was \$233 without board. Multiply these figures by three and you will have purchasing power relative to the value of the dollar today. This means that at present prices industrial workers then averaged less than \$1,500 per year, while farm labor received about \$700 at the present price level. The earnings in Texas in my childhood were lower than

these averages for the entire nation, with the result that life was then simple indeed.

Of course, we had no running water in the house, no bathroom and toilet, no electric lights, refrigerator, washing machine, phonograph, radio, television, and no movies, commercialized entertainment or professional sports. Our houses were usually small, with a minimum of crude furniture, mattresses stuffed with cornshucks or cotton or feathers and often without springs, wood stove, kerosene lamps and candles, large pitchers and washbasins, galvanized washtubs for our Saturday night bath, outdoor well and outdoor privy.

The roads were primitive, with practically no pavement and few paved sidewalks or streets. Automobiles did not arrive in that section until I was in my teens, and I can well remember the first one that I ever saw. Telephones were few and far between, and we did not have one in our house until after I was married.

Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States when I was born; the expenditures of the Federal Government in that year totaled 318 million dollars, of which 45 millions went to the War Department and 22 millions to the Navy; there were 166,000 civil employees of the Government; and the enrollment in the High Schools of the nation was 357,813.

Queen Victoria had been ruling for fifty-three years and was to reign until I was eleven. Kaiser Wilhelm assumed power in 1888. Czar Nicholas II ascended the throne when I was four; Lenin in the year of my birth was a young revolutionary in St. Petersburg; Stalin was eleven; and Karl Marx had gone to his reward seven years before. Jane Addams had founded Hull House in Chicago the previous year, and Jefferson Davis had passed away.

Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks had been dead for three years, Franz Liszt for four years, Richard Wagner for seven, Johannes Brahms for seven, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Ralph Waldo Emerson for eight, William Cullen Bryant for twelve. The American Federation of Labor had been organized four years previously. The year before I was born John L. Sullivan won from Jack Kilrain in a bare-knuckle fight that went 75 rounds in New Orleans.

The University of Chicago was founded in 1890, Dwight L. Eisenhower was born in that year, Yosemite National Park and Sequoia National Park were opened, Woodrow Wilson went to Princeton, Theodore Roosevelt was United States Civil Service Commissioner, Jacob Riis wrote How The Other Half Lives, and Lyman Abbott in The Christian Union had urged readers not to "refuse to play croquet simply because it was a modified game of billiards on the lawn."

I was a year old when basketball was invented by Naismith at the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Training School, Charlie Chaplin was born, James Russell Lowell and The-greatest-show-on-earth Barnum died;

I was two when Charles Duryea brought out a one cylinder automobile, Gladys Mary Smith (Mary Pickford ^{??} to you) was born, Alfred Tennyson, John Greenleaf Whittier and Walt Whitman all passed into the great beyond;

three when Gandhi launched his campaign of non-violent resistance in South Africa, the Ford Motor Company was organized, Leland Stanford died, the terrible panic of that year brought ruin to America, and the open frontier with free land was near its end;

four when the Chinese-Japanese War began, and when Oliver Wendell Holmes died;

five when the income tax law was invalidated by the Supreme Court, Herbert Hoover was graduated from Stanford, and the first Gillette safety

razor appeared;

six when George W. Carver went to Tuskegee, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Susan B. Anthony died, Utah and Idaho became the third and fourth States to adopt woman suffrage (after Wyoming and Colorado), Marconi gave his first demonstration of wireless telegraphy, and William Jennings Bryan was nominated for the Presidency following his famous oration "The Cross of Gold;"

seven when Fitzsimmons won from Gentleman Jim Corbett, Charles M. Sheldon wrote In His Steps, Henry George died, and the Klondike gold rush was on;

eight when the Spanish American War began, Schumann-Heink first toured America, Frances E. Willard, William E. Gladston and Prince Bismarck died, The Rosary was first sung in Boston;

nine at the beginning of the South African War, Kipling wrote The White Man's Burden, Robert L. Ingersoll, Dwight L. Moody and Horatio Alger Jr. died, Edwin Markham wrote The Man With The Hoe, and the first automobile ever to cross the Missouri River was carried by rail to Wichita;

ten when Ty Cobb began playing with the Tigers, Christy Mathewson with the Giants, and Honus Wagner with the Pirates, the first Davis Cup tennis matches were played, the first subway in America was begun, and the Galveston flood took 6,000 lives;

eleven when the Spindletop oil well at Beaumont blew in, the United States Steel Corporation was founded, Robert M. LaFollette became Governor of Wisconsin, Giuseppe Verdi died, and Teddy Roosevelt invited Booker T. Washington to dine at the White House;

thirteen when The Great Train Robbery, the first motion picture with a connected story, was shown, the first automobile crossing from

New York to San Francisco was made in 52 days, radium was discovered by Madame Curie and her husband, Caruso began to reign at the Metropolitan, and barber-shop quartets were singing Sweet Adeline;

fourteen at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, the completion of the Panama Canal, and the arrest of a woman in New York City for smoking a cigarette on Fifth Avenue;

fifteen when Will Rogers was featured at a horse show in Madison Square Garden, Jay Cooke died, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was founded, and a yellow fever epidemic swept New Orleans;

sixteen at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, the first demonstration of broadcasting, Marshall Field died, the forward pass was introduced in football, and Joe Gans won from Battling Nelson in 42 rounds;

seventeen when the peak number of immigrants arriving in the United States reached 1,285,349 in that year, and Statler built in Buffalo the first hotel with a private bath in every room.

Chapter 2

MY FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS IN TEXAS

My father, James Andrew Thomas Page, was born about 1862, and came from North Carolina to Mississippi to Louisiana. My mother, Julia Isabella Pounds, was born on August 30, 1865, on the old plantation not far from Bogalusa, Louisiana. Mother belonged to a large family, her father Isham Johnson Pounds and her mother Sarah Kellar having one son and eight daughters. Grandfather Pounds was a Baptist minister, a slave owner and a Confederate soldier. Mother and father were married on January 13, 1884, and moved to Texas. Their first child died at birth, Alexander Leak was born on September 4, 1887, I appeared on August 7, 1890, Perry Leon arrived on July 31, 1894, Bessie came on May 16, 1898 and passed away on March 19, 1900.

The hamlet Fred where I was born was hardly more than a wide place in the road, and not much of a road at that, in the midst of heavy timber. Twenty miles away was the Big Thicket, a forest of two million acres, with almost impenetrable jungle and plenty of alligators, which provided a hiding place for gangs of bushwhackers and desperadoes. I was named for Henry Kirby who lived across the road, an uncle of John Henry Kirby, who became a wealthy lumberman. Twelve miles distant the village of Kirbyville was founded four years after my birth. The Neches River is four miles away, and forty miles to the south is Beaumont, where the first oil gusher in Texas was brought in when I was eleven. In 1901 conditions were so wild and lawless that the Mayor of Beaumont issued a public warning to citizens "to tote guns an' tote 'em in your hands, not on your hips, so everyone can see you're loaded."

Father was engaged in the timber business, but apparently was not doing well because the year after I was born the family moved "a fur piece" to Hondo, 42 miles beyond San Antonio, in the wild and wooly west. The journey of about 350 miles was made in a covered wagon. In Hondo father opened a small store, but he did not stay with ^{it} long because he decided to study medicine. In all America at that time there were ^{few} (not many) well trained doctors, and in such a pioneer region as Texas the standard was primitive indeed. It is ^{not} ~~but~~ surprising therefore that father had only two periods of five months each as his total medical education. Leaving mother to run the little store and provide for two children, father matriculated in Arkansas Industrial University, in Little Rock, on November 21, 1891, for the term of about five months. Then our family moved to Serbin, where father began the practice of medicine. The next year found us in Paige, where after a short period of medical practice, and three months after Perry's birth, father went for further training to the Memphis Hospital Medical College in Tennessee. We then moved to Wheelock, following which in 1896 father established a medical practice in Lott, twenty-eight miles south of Waco, where we remained until 1905.

My earliest recollections begin with Wheelock, where for a single day I attended school. I was so lonely, frightened and cried so loudly that mother did not have the heart to send me back. So my schooling was done in Lott. Father was a horse-and-buggy doctor, with a practice which took him out to remote places at all times of the day and night in every sort of weather. He had a belligerent disposition and always went armed (as many men did in that day) and kept a loaded pistol in a drawer of his office desk. He had several shooting scraps and a

number of fistfights.

Early we learned to ride his horses and there are tall tales of the narrow escapes we had. Once we dared Leak to jump off the smoke-house, and in coming down he encountered a clothes line, cutting his mouth badly. From that same height I jumped and hit my head on a stump. In hoeing cotton one day I nicked Leak on the back of his heel. I cannot remember which one of us it was who pushed the other one out of the window on broken glass. We played the usual running and chasing games, and had our share of fights. Our school baseball team made a memorable trip to Chilton, six miles away, with Leak pitching while I was behind the bat. With dogs we hunted cottontails and jackrabbits, and shot birds with our small rifles. One of our sports was trapping field larks, "feelarks" we called them. Once when trying to pull a rabbit out of a hole, I got hold of a skunk and received the full benefit of his barrage, and when I reached home it seemed to me that mother no longer loved me. When fourteen, in running across ploughed ground where the clods were about as hard as rocks, I fell and broke a kneecap, and was kept in bed for three months and had to walk on crutches for another six months.

When I was ten or eleven our home was broken by divorce. Father and mother had proved to be incompatible almost from the beginning of their married life. He had a fiery temper and was impetuous, while she was strong willed and ^{super}sensitive. At Lott he began drinking heavily, partly because of long hours of exposure in all kinds of weather. Finally he disappeared, leaving us without any means of support. Then came letters demanding that mother obtain a divorce, against which she had strong religious scruples. When she persisted in her refusal, he

sent letters in which he threatened to kill himself. So in desperation she obtained a divorce, and he married again. After that I saw him only a few times before his death.

Mother took in boarders, and we boys did odd jobs. One summer I clerked in a grocery store for \$5 a month. ^{another} And I had a job in a produce store, ^{convinced} sorting vile-smelling hides, and candling eggs; that is, holding them before a candle and testing them for freshness. I received extra compensation in the form of rotten eggs, which I threw at ~~kataphana~~ ~~paix~~ trees. During some summer vacations we picked cotton for the neighboring farmers, receiving fifty to six cents per hundred pounds. The most that I ever picked in one day was 226 pounds when the picking was especially good. Usually I dragged in from 80 to 150 pounds. With our earnings one summer mother let us order bicycles from Sears, Roebuck and Company in Chicago. No owner of a Rolls Royce ever received a greater thrill than we did when we took them out of the crates. We kept a cow, chickens, pigs, and had a garden and fruit trees, thus providing ourselves with much of our food.

One of the excitements we had was being routed out of bed in the middle of the night by mother and hustled into the storm-house. Hard winds and cyclones were frequent and houses were often blown down, so almost every family in town had built a dug-out with roof above ground, which we called a storm-house. A couple of bunks ~~had~~ were built in, old quilts were stored, and a kerosene lamp was ready for an emergency. In that area lightning is vivid and thunder is often deafening. When it rained hard we said: "It's raining bull-yearlings." I remember with utmost ~~vividness~~ clarity an especially terrible storm which hit

us on September 8, 1900, and raged all the next day. Eventually we learned that this storm had inundated the island on which Galveston is built, to a depth of ten to twenty feet in many sections of the city, and that 6,000 persons had been drowned. Years later I learned that my wife's step-father had been in Galveston on that awful night, and had saved his life by floating on his back for several hours.

For nine years we were cooped up in Lott, although several times we drove in a buggy to Marlin, twelve miles away, and once we had the thrill of riding on the train to far-off Waco, twenty-eight miles distant. A few times we drove out to nearby Westphalia, where there was a large Catholic Church, which frightened us terribly, because we were told that the basement was full of guns and ammunition which sometime might be used on us Protestants.

From the moment of my earliest recollections our family was religious, attending church, Sunday School and prayer meeting with regularity. Mother and father belonged to the Church of Christ, where the members proudly referred to themselves as Non-Progressives, in distinction from the Churches of Christ which had more modern views. We did not have a regular pastor, but once when an evangelist was holding a meeting, at the age of thirteen I went down and made the confession, and the next day was immersed in a farmer's outdoor tank. I was taught that we were the true church and only our members would be saved, all other church members and non-members would be damned eternally in a literal hell of fire. I remember once an evangelist displayed behind the pulpit a crude painting of a sinner being held by the hair of his head over a flaming lake of fire, and in his sermons gave us adequate warning.

Soon after I joined the church, I became concerned about the salvation of my closest friend, a boy of my own age, Basil Hayes, son of a local doctor. Out behind the barn I talked with him most earnestly, saying to him; "Basil, you don't need to go to hell. Come over and join our church and be saved." He proved to be recalcitrant and went on his unredeemed way as a Baptist. That was a day of religious debates and I have a vague memory of a spirited contest between a Church of Christ preacher and a Baptist, the former contending that we must be immersed in order to be saved, while the latter maintained that ~~we must be immersed~~ immersion is a sign that we have been saved, both agreeing that immersion is essential to salvation.

Our Sunday School class for boys and girls met in one corner of the single-room church, and was taught by an elderly German, Brother Gott. At the beginning of each session he would say: "Now children, where shall we find our Bible lesson for the day?" And he would open the Bible at random, put his finger on a verse, and that would be the text of our lesson. We believed that every verse of the Holy Book was equally infallible and suitable for instruction. Sunday School literature was then looked upon as a dangerous innovation. No musical instruments were permitted in the church, except a tuning-fork from which we got the pitch for our hymns.

For some reason I never became morbid in fear of hell fire, perhaps because I was so sure that I would never go there. My understanding of religion was narrow and bigoted but a source of inspiration and discipline. Mother believed that to spare the rod was to spoil the child and often acted on that principle. The Sabbath, which was Sunday with us, was strictly observed. We were allowed to take walks and to read, but not to go fishing or to play checkers. Of course, our home was never defiled by a deck of playing cards. Many years later I remember that mother was scandalized when she found that a boarder had smuggled a bottle of ginger

ale into the icebox. She told him never to do it again, saying: "This is a respectable home."

Mother kept us away from the rough section gang down by the railroad, and only a few times did I overhear obscene stories. We subscribed to The Youth's Companion and eagerly devoured every word of it. Mother managed to buy a few books and we borrowed others from the neighbors. Of course, there was no public library in the town. I remember especially the G. A. Henty and Horatio Alger stories, which assured us that success always comes to a good and thrifty boy. Two of my close friends made good in a big way, Tom Currie becoming President of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Austin, and Basil Hayes making a name for himself as a doctor in Oklahoma City. There was a copy of Charles Kingsley's Hypatia in the house, but we boys were not allowed to read it because it would fill our minds with improper suggestions.

My childhood days in Lott were happy and satisfying. Mother was one of the most devoted and sacrificial individuals I have ever known, always doing without things for herself in order that we might have more. She was a tireless worker, strict in her devotion to high principles, and constantly concerned that we should do right. She had strength of will to a rare degree. By nature I was buoyant and expectant. I cannot remember any times of brooding and melancholy. I did well in my classes at school, enjoyed reading, and zestfully played games. Mother's unhappiness over the death of little Bessie and father's going did not prove to be contagious. To an amazing degree my recollections are joyous.

We left Lott because of Perry's health. He had pneumonia two winters in succession and the local doctor warned that another attack

might take him away. Mother became so alarmed that she decided that we would move to sunny California. From the Chambers of Commerce in Santa Barbara and Pasadena we received beautifully colored folders showing the glories of the respective cities. I can still remember our excitement as we argued among ourselves before deciding upon Pasadena. Mother sold our house and lot for \$550 cash. We packed our household goods and sent them by freight, and soon, on April 12, 1905, the Southern Pacific was bearing us to our new home. Mother packed enough fried chicken, biscuits, cakes and pies to satisfy us until we reached our destination.

Chapter 3

AS A HOTEL BELLHOP IN PASADENA

Upon arrival in Pasadena, mother decided that Leak should at once enter business college for the training which would enable him to become the chief breadwinner of the family. I got a job as delivery boy for the old Boston Store, and my work was done on a bicycle with a wire basket attached. The riding up and down the hills of the city developed my leg muscles in a way that proved to be useful later when in college I played basketball. I went through the usual period of being "smart-alecky" and sometimes rode with my feet on the handlebars. This practice was abruptly terminated when once the front wheel slipped on a streetcar track. Years later I found words to describe what happened, the words of a Congressman who was thrown from his horse, and upon regaining consciousness, exclaimed: "What a mighty upheaval of all nature."

Soon I found a job with better pay, as a bellhop at the La Casa Grande Hotel, on Colorado Street. I can't recall the salary I received, but it was supplemented by gratuities. On Christmas day I received the literal fortune of ten dollars in tips. My work was the usual running of errands. Our hotel did not handle liquor, but frequently I was sent across the street to Hotel Maryland to bring a bottle to a patron. My conscience bothered me but I did not know what else to do. One morning in carrying a breakfast tray to the manager's wife, I stumbled and emptied it on her as she was stretched out in bed.

In the meantime, Leak had finished business college and obtained a position as bookkeeper at the Brand Manufacturing Company, on South Fair Oaks Avenue. After some months at the hotel, I was offered a job

with the same company.

at the same place. My new work was estimating bids on sash and door contracts. I was taught to read blueprints and to calculate the lowest price for which the company could afford to take a job. I had other duties in the office, and occasionally did some work at one of the machines in the shop. Both Leak and I held these positions until we moved from Pasadena.

Our first home in Pasadena was on East Orange Grove. We then moved to South Mentor, three or four blocks from Colorado Street. After that we found a more suitable place, 1777 Kirkwood Avenue (now Navarro Avenue), where we had fruit trees and plenty of room for a garden. We walked four blocks to the streetcar line at Fair Oaks and Washington, where the old La Pintoresca Hotel was located.

Before daylight on the morning of April 18, 1906, we were awakened by mother calling us to come quickly. She said that somebody was shaking her bed. We looked but there was no one under the bed. Later we learned that what had frightened her was the earthquake which had been felt over much of the state and had rocked San Francisco, destroying the water-supply system, and with the fire destroying property to the value of 500 million dollars, and taking 500 lives.

We had to watch our pennies, but mother permitted us to go to the old Ostrich Farm, and on New Year's day we attended the Tournament of Roses, and were goggle-eyed at the chariot races, which were the main attraction in those days.

We attended the Central Christian Church, of which the Reverend Frank M. Dowling was minister, and were regular in attendance at Sunday School, morning service, Christian Endeavor and evening service. Leak and I won a prize for memorizing the most Bible verses, and were rewarded with a free trip to Mount Lowe on the inclined railway. Later we three

boys climbed to the same spot, and in coming^g down forsook the trail for a more direct route and almost ran into serious trouble. We made an occasional trip to the beach and enjoyed swimming in the ocean.

We left Pasadena because mother was determined to prevent Leak from marrying the young lady he had selected. Mother strongly disapproved of her and said that she was not worthy of him. When Leak resisted her entreaties to break off the whole affair, mother took drastic action. She announced that we were moving back to her old home in Louisiana. And this we did. On the continental divide, it takes just a pebble to swerve water from its eastward course and send it into the Pacific Ocean. So it was with mother's disapproval of Martha. The course of our lives was diverted into entirely different channels from what would have been the case if Leak and Martha had been married and we had remained in Pasadena, where we were happy and enjoying life to the utmost. In all probability I would never have met my wife, gone to Drake, or traveled with Sherwood Eddy. At any rate, we boarded the train for New Orleans, via Salt Lake City, Colorado and northwest Texas.

Chapter 5

EVENTFUL YEARS IN HOUSTON

We arrived in Houston on April 12, 1907 (before I was to be seventeen in August), exactly to ^{the} a day two years after we ^{had} departed from ~~the~~ Lott. Again mother looked forward to my future and decided that I should enter business college, as Leak had done in Pasadena. So I enrolled in Massey Business College for the bookkeeping course, before taking shorthand and typewriting. The severity of our economic need prompted me to study hard and move along as rapidly as possible. After three months, I shifted to the shorthand department, all unconscious of my fate. There I met a five-foot, jet-black haired, deep-brown eyed young lady from whose charm I have never escaped to this day, Alma Folse by name, until she changed it seven years later to Mrs. Kirby Page. Thereby hangs a tale.

The class in shorthand was moving too slowly for me, I had to get out and help support the family, so I asked Professor Ainsworth if I could not go faster. He replied that a young lady had made the same request and that he would form a special class for five or six of us. Thus we were thrown into daily and intimate contact. Before long we exchanged letters written in shorthand and began going places together. But more about that later.

My first job as a stenographer was in the office of the Ziegler Cotton Brokerage Company. My employer was a kind-hearted but gruff and profane old man. After a few months, I obtained a position at the new Y. M. C. A. Indeed, I began taking dictation from W. A. Scott, the General Secretary, in a shed on the sidewalk before the new building was dedicated. Before a year had passed I became Basement Secretary,

with responsibility for supervising the swimming pool and bowling alleys. By that time I had overcome my early notion that bowling was a singular game. Then I became Boy's Work Secretary, and was sent by the Houston Association on a trip to Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo, to study boy's work in those cities. I received great encouragement and much practical assistance from three of the ablest secretaries in the country - Denison, Crackel and Cotton. Before me as I write is an old photograph taken at Niagara, with the falls as background, derby hat, stiff collar and all. I remained with the Houston Association for more than three years, my last position being that of Assistant to the General Secretary, I. E. Munger, who was like a father to me.

Not long after we arrived in Houston, Leak came and found employment as bookkeeper in the Y. M. C. A. Later he transferred to a sash and door manufacturing company. Perry's first job was with Lallier the grocer at the corner of Travis and Rusk, before working on the streetcars as conductor. Before he was eighteen, with mother's consent, he enlisted in the Navy and served in the waters of China and the Philippines. Our first home in Houston was on Walker Street between Main and Fannin. We then moved to 506 McKinney, where the Houston Public Library now stands. Two blocks away was the old T. W. House estate, covering an entire block, where Colonel E. M. House lived for a time, before he became intimate with Woodrow Wilson. On the way to the Y. M. C. A., we passed the lumber yard of Jesse H. Jones, who was to become rich and famous.

I was very fond of handball and played so often that I became quite a shark at it. Once Walter Hardcastle and I represented the Houston Association in a handball match at Galveston, which we won. I also enjoyed

tennis and learned to play well, later winning the Houston doubles championship teamed with R. H. Spencer.

I joined the Central Christian Church, under the Reverend A. F. Sanderson. In 1910 he was succeeded by the Reverend William S. Lockhart, a graduate of the University of Chicago Divinity School, a liberal and forceful preacher. Every Sunday found us at Sunday School, in a class taught by William A. Wilson, morning service, Christian Endeavor, and evening service. I began to make short talks at Christian Endeavor, and one evening Mrs. Lockhart said to me most earnestly, "Kirby, you ought to be a preacher." Then Mr. Lockhart came to the Y. M. C. A. one afternoon and talked with me in the lobby, saying that he would help me to get through college in preparation for the ministry.

In July, 1910, I attended the Y. M. C. A. Summer School at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Here I came into close contact with Association secretaries from all over the midwest and southwest. A Bible course under the veteran I. E. Brown influenced me greatly. And I came to know "Uncle" Robert Weidensall, one of the first Y. M. C. A. secretaries and perhaps the most beloved man in the Brotherhood. Before me now is a copy of the Chicago Record-Herald which he handed to me when he had finished reading it on July 28th. On the front page is a cartoon poking fun at the action of the Board of Health in Aurora to the effect that "all persons must take a bath once a week." Also an announcement that Warren G. Harding had been nominated for Governor of Ohio.

I must now go back to the story of Alma Folse. Her father, Louis D. Folse, was of French parentage, and her mother was Minnie Annie Heard. Her father ran a florist shop in Houston. Alma was born on September 28, 1890, thus being a few weeks younger than I. Her younger sister was named Johnnie Louise, who later went to Baylor University and married John L.

Dolson. Her brother Wilfred A. married Iris . Alma's father who died when she was twelve, and later her mother married James M. Newman, who worked in the Southern Pacific yards shops. The family went through a period of hard times and Alma worked for a while in an overall factory, before entering business college. After several temporary positions, she became a stenographer at the Fidelity Cotton Oil and Fertilizer Company, and subsequently served also as company telegrapher, at the high salary of \$1,000 per year.

From the beginning days at Massey, Alma and I were drawn together and soon were keeping steady company. She also joined the Central Christian Church, and our Sundays were almost completely absorbed in the activities there. Much of my courting was done via the streetcar, since they lived in Houston Heights. Well do I remember that their house was five blocks from the car line, and once on a rainy night I slipped and fell in the mud, arriving at her door in a condition that had better not be described. After two years we became engaged, on February 20, 1910. That was a memorable occasion, not only because she promised to marry me, but because after my proposal had been accepted, she would not permit me to kiss her, so strongly conditioned had she been against the idea of kissing before marriage. Time marched on, we set the date for our marriage, and Alma purchased the cloth for her wedding dress.

Then a new idea hit us like a tornado. The first suggestion of it came from Mrs. Lockhart and then from her husband, perhaps I should become a minister. Alma and I talked about it frequently and became confused about our plans. Then one evening the Lockharts invited us to their home to talk things over. They presented the call of the ministry in most glowing colors and made light of the difficulties that I would

encounter in getting through college and seminary. As we left their house and were well on the sidewalk, Alma took me by the lapel of my coat, looked me in the eyes, and said: "Young man, you are going to college!"

At the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Munger strongly encouraged us to postpone our marriage, enter ^{College} ~~college~~ and get a thorough preparation for the ministry. Mr. Scott, who was then in business in Houston, likewise urged us to prepare adequately for our future work. So Alma packed away her wedding cloth, in spite of her mother's strong disapproval of delay, and we reconciled ourselves to a long wait before beginning wedded life together. My mother was favorable to my leaving home and going to college, although this would mean that she would be compelled to support herself by taking in roomers and doing outside sewing. Mother was always like that, she put our welfare ahead of her own comfort. Perry was soon to join the Navy, Leak had married Norman Eicke and they were soon to make their home in California, leaving mother alone in Houston. A hundred times I have asked myself if I did the right thing in choosing that moment to leave mother, even though it was for the purpose of equipping myself for fuller service.

Chapter 6

REWARDING EXPERIENCES AT DRAKE UNIVERSITY

My four years at Drake were happy, and exhilarating, and rewarding in plentiful measure. I was blessed with robust health and abounding energy, had a high purpose in being there, was completely absorbed in what I was doing, and received a constant flow of letters from Alma.

I had chosen Drake because the Bible College (now the Divinity School) prepared students for the ministry of the Disciples of Christ (Christian Church), and because of the conclusion that it would be easier to work my way through in a city the size of Des Moines. I was offered a part time job at the city Y. M. C. A., but accepted instead stenographic work as secretary to Dean Kirk of the Bible College, and later for Walter S. Athearn and Coach John L. Griffith. I roomed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Middleton; with Jack Logan, later Superintendent of Schools in Waterloo, as roommate; and with Marvin Sansbury, later Minister of the University Church in Des Moines and President of the International Convention of the Disciples of Christ, and Frank James in an adjoining room. Harry Middleton became a physician and settled in Alton, Illinois, while Vance is a dentist in Los Angeles. In other years I roomed with Arthur E. Elliott and Leland Mendenhall.

II

During my day^s at Drake (1911-1915) we came under the influence of a gifted and devoted group of teachers. Heavy indeed is my indebtedness, especially to Professors Herbert Martin, Walter S. Athearn, Edwin E. Stringfellow, and F. I. Herriot. They shared themselves with us in full

measure, and proved to be inspiring and provocative of thought. It was easy for me to study - when my time was not too heavily mortgaged by outside activities - and I enjoyed the classroom.

Professor Athearn and Professor Martin guided me safely through the period of transition from one point of view in religion to a more vital and satisfying experience. The Reverend Charles S. Medbury, minister of the University Christian Church, made an incalculable contribution to my spiritual growth through his invigorating sermons and through personal counsel. I was drawn closely to him partly because in my opening weeks at Drake I was elected president of Christian Endeavor in the University Church, at that time the largest Christian Endeavor society in the world, and was in constant touch with him. Later he was to ordain me to the Christian ministry. ^{perhaps} Almost equally substantial was the help I received from the Reverend Finis S. Idleman, minister of the Central Christian Church down in the city, where I had charge of a boys' club two nights per week during my freshman year. These four men (especially) opened for me windows of vision of the breadth and depth of our Christian faith, and helped to send down deep roots of Christian experience.

With professor Martin I became especially intimate, (partly) because in my senior year I graded philosophy papers in his office, along with Cecil Cheverton, who became President of Chapman College and then a professor at Texas Christian University. A class in New Testament Greek under Dean Norton was intellectually and spiritually stimulating. He was a dry wit and enlivened the class with such gems as on the occasion when Bill Melendy made a terrible boner in reciting, saying gravely: "Mr. Melendy, if you ever see a specimen like that running loose on the streets, grab it by the tail and bring it into class." Once after he caught me napping in an eight o'clock class, he called me into his

office and concluded our conversation with the observation: "Mr. Page, you could get this Greek if you would."

In Professor Stringfellow's classes I was introduced to the writings of Walter Rauschenbusch, Washington Gladden, Francis Peabody and other pioneers of the social gospel. Professor Athearn brought to us a fresh and invigorating point of view in religious education. My major was in Sociology under Professor Herriot. He was an unreconstructed individualist, spirited and irascible, and there was never a dull moment in his classes. We used Herbert Spencer's volumes as textbooks, and must have been one of the last classes in the world to do so.

The contrast between Spencer and Rauschenbusch was sharp indeed. The former maintained that the state should intervene only by punishing crimes against person and property, such crimes as are recognized by the common sense of mankind - murder, arson, robbery, assault. Beyond this the state should not interfere with the individual, but leave him alone, laissez-faire. Spencer was opposed to tax-supported education, public libraries, sanitary inspection by government officials, state management of the postoffice, public poor relief, factory legislation, public research, public museums, public parks and recreation centers. In his view the function of the state was purely negative; it should prevent universally recognized crimes, and punish guilty offenders. Professor Rauschenbusch, on the other hand, was a Christian socialist, who looked upon the state as an instrument in the hands of citizens to be used in promoting their common welfare.

It would have been difficult for us to have had an experience more provocative of thought than to shuttle back and forth from the classes of Professor Herriot and Professor Stringfellow. Both were excellent teachers.

Once in Professor Herriot's class, a football player by the name of Zoo Crowell asked him: "Why is it, professor, that your argument is always the same as that of a saloon keeper?" And for the remainder of the class the fur flew, while the professor's eyes flashed and nervously he tossed his bunch of keys up and down. Once in class I was fool-hardy enough to whisper to John Gratton: "Watch me get him!" Alas, alas, my challenge was overheard and accepted, and before he had finished with me, was my face red! I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the challenge to thought which came from these contrasting points of view. Professor Herriot would not have thanked me for saying it, but he was a major factor in my becoming a socialist Christian. As a friend he was warm and solicitous, and it was he who later handed ^e me a Phi Beta Kappa key. I received special attention in a freshman course in English when Miss Jordan read one of my theme papers to the class - as a flagrant example of how not to do it. I did well enough in my grades to be awarded the Holmes Cowper Trophy which went to the athlete with the highest average grades for the four years, receiving 13 A's, 22 B's, 12 C's, and 2 D's. I was elected to Helmet and Spurs, the senior honorary society.

III

I was up to my neck in student activities from the moment of arrival on the campus. I was older than most of the freshmen, being twenty-one, and had the substantial advantage of being more widely experienced, having traveled from Texas to Wisconsin^{Wis} and from California to New York, and having been a Y. M. C. A. secretary and being more practiced as a public speaker. Then too, my self-assured aggressiveness was not below par, while my mop of curly hair was a novelty, to say the least. Narrowly I missed being elected president of the freshman class, being nosed out in an adjourned session by Tom Watters. In my sophomore year I was unanimously elected

class president. In the pushball contest, with a six-foot inflated sphere, I was the first to reach the ball, much to my physical detriment as I was hurled back when the more experience sophs moved forward in solid phalanx. In the annual fight, we (freshmen) used eggs of ancient vintage, buying 36 dozen for a total of twenty cents. With my own hair dripping with yellow yokes, I had an opponent down when he entr^eated me to let him get the egg out of his eyes, saying that I could then take the same hold. One night before a big game we climbed out on the high roof of Old Main and inched our way to the bell tower and left our calling card on the bell.

As an experienced tennis player, I was beaten only in the finals by Russ Nicholson. After that I won five fall and spring university tournaments, and succeeded in winning the state intercollegiate tennis championship in my j^unior and senior years, and in those years teamed up with Nicholson to win the state doubles championship. Truthfulness demands the admission that college tennis in those days was primitive in contrast to the quality witnessed in college matches today. ^{Years} Later year, after I had taught our son all the tennis he knew, on the courts of Whittier College, Kay trimmed me severely and as we walked off said in a condescending way: "The trouble with you, dad, is that you don't know how to hold your racquet!"

Basketball was an attractive sport for me and I managed to win my letter three times as a guard. College ⁵ often have peak years in succession in a given sport. Well, our basketball teams for my three years always were in the valley, losing most of our big games. Were we surprised, therefore, when once we walloped Nebraska! In looking over old clippings

I notice these scores: Iowa State 11, Drake 6; Nebraska 21, Drake 4; Grinnell 37, Drake 4. If there had been professional basketball teams in those days, it is certain that I would not have been tempted to turn from the ministry.

The Drake Relays brought to our stadium every year many of the great athletes of the nation. Many eminent singers also came to the campus - Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, Slezak, Bonci, in addition to the frequent recitals and concerts by the able members of our own College of Music. Many outstanding speakers came to Des Moines in my days at Drake - William Jennings Bryan, Billy Sunday, Caspar Rene Gregory, Charles E. Jefferson, Raymond Robins, Dad Elliott, W. Stanley Hall, Herbert L. Willett. I joined a local fraternity, Kappa Lambda, which later became a local chapter of the national fraternity, Alpha Tau Omega. After leaving Drake I came to the conviction that national fraternities are not desirable on a college campus, and returned my pin.

In my junior year I was editor of The Quax, our college annual, with my roommate Arthur Elliott, who later went to Paraguay as a missionary and then to Phillips University, as business manager. Our high hopes of accumulating a small fortune from the venture were not realized, but we did put an immense amount of work on it. For several weeks before publication I actually spent eight and ten hours daily on finishing touches. Helen Jarvis and Elma Wheatley also spent much time on the annual. In the spring of my freshman year, I was elected president of the college Y. M. C. A. and was re-elected for three successive years, chiefly because of my experience in Houston. During part of the time I was almost equivalent of an employed secretary, without the salary!

One of my vivid recollections is the rejoinder that invariably came from Harry Leach when I inquired: "How are you ^{feeling} doing this morning, Harry?" In melancholy tones he would say, "Oh, I'm feeling a little feak and weeble today."

During the Christmas vacation, 1912, the Drake Y sent a Gospel Team to Manson, for evangelistic meetings and personal work among the young people of the community. Jack Logan, Everett Fisher, Rex Cole and I had a wonderful experience during those days.

On March 26, 1913, Leach wrote to me that "Jesus will come again in 1915... There are six or eight different lines of prophecies that all point to 1915. I am in earnest! I am satisfied that your college education will scarcely be over when He comes." His long argument did not convince me, and I wrote that I would file his letter and see. Later he said that he was mistaken about the year 1915, but was confident of the speedy return of our Lord.

IV

Student preaching was an experience that I greatly enjoyed during my years at Drake. I had come to the university for the purpose of equipping myself for the ministry and had learned to make short talks in Houston and Des Moines, so I welcome^d the invitation from Marvin Sansbury to preach my first sermon at Redfield, where he was student pastor. In the spring of 1912 I thus began my preaching ministry. A few weeks later Dean Kirk gave me a chance to try out for a church of my own. I took the train to Udell, laid over five hours waiting for another train to Bunch, where I preached on Saturday night, Sunday morning and Sunday night. At the morning service while I was preaching my notes blew off the pulpit and landed under the front seat. I gravely walked down and got them and

continued my sermon. At the conclusion an elder of the church arose and said: "Brethren and sisters, it is not right that this young man should come all the way down here from Des Moines and pay his own expenses, so I'm coming around." When he poured the offering on the communion table and counted it, he again arose: "There is not enough here to pay the young man's expenses, so I'm coming again!" They invited me to return every two weeks, and I received about \$7 per trip above railroad fare. In returning I had to change trains again, with a long wait, reaching Des Moines on Monday morning just in time for my first class.

For the next three years I was student pastor of the Christian Church at Monteith, in Guthrie County, about fifty miles from Des Moines, going out every Sunday and preaching twice. This proved to be a wonderful experience. The people were warm and appreciative, and the supply of fried chicken seemed inexhaustible. Usually I went out on Saturday mornings and had time to visit around, but when the pressure at college was especially heavy, on Sunday morning I would take an early train to Menlo, since there was no Sunday train on the branch line to Monteith, and someone would meet me. One Sunday morning the snow was so deep that the roads were blocked, and in helping the driver of the sleigh to dig out, I froze my feet. When we finally got to Monteith, Alice Reed told me to take off my shoes and bathe my feet in kerosene and then in hot water. I shivered into the pulpit just in time to begin my sermon!

It almost makes me shudder to think how poorly prepared some of my sermons were and what the congregation had to endure. But on many sermons I did put serious work and soon was in love with preaching. My three years at Monteith were filled with satisfaction and joy.

My first summer vacation was spent in Houston, working for the Y. M. C. A. It was wonderful to be with mother again and to see Alma

almost constantly. On December 3, 1912, mother was married to George Washington Murry, ^{who} and ^{was} moved to Oklahoma. He ^{was} much older than she. Formerly he had stayed for a while with his sister in Lott, who was living next door to us. He had staked out a claim in Oklahoma and was living alone. Since mother also ^{was} alone they decided that it would be sensible to be married. The next summer I attended the student conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and then made a brief visit to see Alma in Houston, and went on to see mother. From the railway station at Gage, I rode with the mail carrier ⁱⁿ his hack to mother's place, 43 miles from the railroad. At that time they ^{were} living in a dug-out, a sod house with only the roof above ground. They next year they built a comfortable home. During my third summer, I ~~mentioned expressing~~ went again to the Geneva student conference, spent some time in canvassing for subscriptions to Public Opinion (without much success) and went to Houston late in the summer.

V

Attendance at student conferences played a formative part in my experience at Drake. In February, 1912, I was sent as a delegate to the State Missionary Conference, at Cornell College. Among the speakers were Arthur Rugh, from China; Philip A. Swartz and Joseph Robbins, secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement; Mrs. L. D. Garst, from Japan; Titus Lowe, of India. The impression made upon me was deep and enduring. A few weeks later Phil Swartz, now minister of the First Congregational Church in Poughkeepsie, New York, visited our campus, and made a strong appeal to me to consider foreign work as my life vocation. Thoughtfully he followed up this conversation with a letter which is before me now, dated April 12, 1912, in which he asked if I had been able to reach a

decision "to go to this largest field of service for the Master." After the Cornell Conference, I had written to Alma about the possibility of our going to the foreign field, and on exactly the same day that Phil Swartz wrote, she sent me a long letter about this prospect. We did not reach an immediate decision, but undoubtedly the combination of the conference, the talk with Swartz and the letter from him, laid a solid foundation for our subsequent decision. A few weeks earlier I had written to Alma: "I was thinking the other day that I hadn't had a real rest of any length since we moved to Houston, nearly seven years ago." In those days my energy seemed to be unbounded.

At the end of my sophomore and junior years, I attended the student conferences at Lake Geneva, where I was greatly influenced by the addresses of John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Bishop McDowell, Bishop Henderson, John Timothy Stone, E. T. Colton, Charles Hurrey, and other leaders. On the first of these occasions, E. C. Carter, national secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in India, offered me the position of his private secretary in India. It did not seem wise for me to accept at that time, but after one of his moving addresses, Rex Cole and I did act upon the conviction which had been forming in both of our minds and signed the declaration of purpose card of the Student Volunteer Movement, saying that it was our purpose to become foreign missionaries.

In my ^U junior year I was president of the Student Volunteer Band, and put a lot of energy into it. Our early morning meetings of worship and fellowship were among the most enduring influences of my college days. We enrolled fifteen delegates to the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement in Kansas City at the end of 1913 and the opening days of 1914. Alma came up with a delegation from Texas Christian University

where she was then a student, and we had a truly marvelous experience together, as we listened to the moving addresses of John R. Mott, Sherwood Eddy, Robert E. Speer, William Jennings Bryan, Samuel Zwemer, and a host of other leaders, and made plans for our own future. Five of the Drake delegates eventually went to the foreign field.

VI

Alma and I changed our minds several times about the date of our wedding. For a while we expected to be married in 1913, and then decided that it would be wiser to wait until I was graduated from Drake. But when I was visiting mother in Oklahoma in August, 1914, before going on to see Alma in Houston, I reached a certain conviction that we ought to be married without further delay. So on August 8th I wrote to her: "Some sixteen hundred and fifty eight days ago I asked you the all important question - 'Will you marry me?' Today I am taking the liberty of asking you another vital question - Will you marry me, not at some indefinite time in the future, but now, within the next thirty days? She consented and we were married at a private wedding in the study of the Central Christian Church, by Mr. Lockhart, on September 2, 1914, and went immediately to Des Moines.

Our last year at Drake was a glorious experience. Both of us took full courses. The church at Monteith raised my salary from \$15 per week to \$17.50, out of which we had to pay railroad fare, and Alma often went with me for the Sundays there. In the spring I was offered the position of City Evangelist of the Christian Churches of Des Moines, and also approached about the possibility of becoming student Y secretary at the University of Kansas, ^B but we were now fully determined to become missionaries in China, and decided to do further study before going. At that time I received a letter from Frank Garrett offering

me a position as office secretary at the Nanking School of Theology at a salary of \$600 per year, but we were not yet ready for China.

Dean Brown of Yale Divinity School assured me that with a scholarship and outside employment, I would be able to earn expenses. Mr. Scott had written to the New Haven Y and I had received word that I could work there part time. We were preparing to go to Yale when, unexpectedly, I received a call to the Morgan Park Christian Church in ~~South~~ Chicago. Mr. Lockhart was passing through the city and talked with the Reverend C. G. Kindred about me. ^{We accepted} (The result was) this call, ^{and} (at a salary of \$20 per week.) ^{repented later next p} Thus for the second time our lives were swerved into new channels by the influence of W. S. Lockhart.

At graduation I was ordained to the ministry of the Disciples of Christ by Dr. Medbury. With an accumulated college debt of \$800, we set our faces toward Chicago and the Far East.

Chapter 7

AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Soon after graduation we went to Chicago, and moved into a small apartment in Morgan Park at \$20 per month, and I enrolled in the University for the summer session. The Morgan Park Christian Church was only a mission of the Englewood Christian Church, of which the Reverend C. G. Kindred was minister. It had only a few members and services of worship were held in the auditorium of the Morgan Park Military Academy. The contract called for my services with the church on Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday evenings, with the remainder of my time available for work at the university. My salary from the church was \$20 per week.

We greatly enjoyed our work. I preached twice on Sunday and made a talk at prayer-meeting. I took seriously the preparation of my sermons and received encouragement from the response of the tiny congregation. It took nearly an hour on the streetcar to go from Morgan Park to the university, but I learned to become absorbed in a book.

The courses at the university were inspiring and provocative of thought. I profited especially from those of Graham Taylor and Charles Raymond Henderson, and was greatly benefitted by the classes with Shailer Mathews, J. M. P. Smith, Gerald Birney Smith and Theodore G. Mx Soares. Many of the outstanding ministers of the country came to the university chapel. As a partial requirement for the Master's degree, I wrote a history of the Y. M. C. A. in China, but I was destined to leave the campus before the end of the year, after a stay of eight months.

~~It happened this way. One day Dad Elliott, regional student secretary of the R, whom I had known at Drake and the Geneva conferences,~~

(Same phrase as Drake evaluation, suggest vary it)

It happened this way. On January 21, 1916, Dad Elliott suggested the possibility of my becoming secretary to Sherwood Eddy and traveling with him for a year or two. Alma and I were challenged by the thought of having intimate contact with such an outstanding Christian leader and going with him to the various mission fields. As preparation for our proposed work in China, such an experience would be ideal. So on the same day I wrote to New York offering myself for this position if it were open. Three days later B. R. Barber replied that it was not practicable to consider my application because they wanted some one to begin immediately and could pay only the salary of an unmarried man.

Alma and I then made one of the crucial decisions of our lives. We were convinced that I ought to have this experience if possible. So we plunged. I wrote to Barber that if he had given the only two reasons why my name was not being considered, I would come at once and accept whatever salary was available. On February 24th I had interviews in Chicago with Fletcher Brockman and Sherwood Eddy and was assured that a position with one of them would be available. Mr. Eddy said that he was not free to commit himself until he received word from Paul Danner in India, to whom he had made a proposal.

At that time word was received that my mother was seriously ill in Oklahoma. It seemed necessary, therefore, that Alma go to her at once, taking with her Kirby Jr., who had come to us on January 2nd, on Sunday morning in ample time for me to ^{be free to} preach at the eleven o'clock service.

Mr. Brookman wrote on March 7th, urging me to come at once to New York to serve for two months as secretary to Sherwood Eddy, and then go to China as secretary to Charles W. Harvey, General Secretary of the Association there. Alma and I had already agreed that I would go to

quality -
give full name

!! worth an independent sentence, at least !!

New York when a definite invitation was received. Since there was still a possibility that Danner would decline, and because the offer to work with Mr. Harvey was so attractive, I did not hesitate to wire that I was coming. The members of the church were willing to release me for this wonderful opportunity. Mr. Kindred and President Burnham of the ^{Home} Missionary Society said that they felt my leaving would not jeopardize the work of the church. So I abruptly terminated my work at the University, and, on March 13, 1916, I boarded a train for New York and the unknown.

40
Chapter 8

WITH SHERWOOD EDDY IN THE WAR ZONE

Upon arrival in New York I obtained a room at the West Side Y. M. C. A., and began work with Sherwood Eddy. The office of the International Committee was then at 124 East 28th Street, and soon I was introduced to John R. Mott, Richard C. Morse, C. K. Ober, Frank Ober, E. T. Colton, E. C. Jenkins, and a score of other men whose names I had known. The stenographic work with Mr. Eddy ^{was} as congenial, and took me frequently to his home in Forest Hills. From the first moment I was warmly drawn to Mrs. Eddy, and quickly formed the judgment which I still hold that she was a saintly person in every sense of the word. In time I came to know their daughter Margaret, their son Arden, and Mother Eddy, who was an individual of amazing zest and vitality.

In one of our early conversations, ^SMr. Eddy said that he expected me to be ready to shine his shoes if necessary, quickly adding that he would be glad to shine mine. After finishing dictation one morning, he paused for a moment and asked me: "Did you ever notice how men ^{replied} around here get their hair cut?" When I ~~said~~ no, he said, "Why don't you take a good look?" I took the hint and abandoned my Western style of long, ~~wavy~~ curly hair. From the beginning, Sherwood Eddy was frank with me and expected me to be so with him. (A)

(B) *Caldwell* > Weeks passed by and still our future was uncertain. Then word came from Danner saying that he would meet Mr. Eddy in Europe, and my heart sank.

But this did not settle the matter because ~~Mr. E. C. Carter~~ E. C. Carter, who was in New York at the time, brought ~~exerting~~ pressure upon Danner to remain in India. ~~He~~ He asked me to cable K. T. Paul, his colleague in Calcutta, to hold Danner in India if possible, because Eddy already had a secretary. At the very end of April came the fateful cablegram saying that Danner was remaining in India. Thus narrowly did we miss going to China in 1916. *My salary was set*

On May 5th, I wrote to Alma from the S. S. Espagne, the letter being taken off by the pilot, that in a talk with Dr. Mott that very morning he had urged me to come with him for a year or two as his stenographer, with a chance to travel with him. I requested time to think about it. During the voyage I talked with Sherwood Eddy and he was willing to

I had expected \$1200 instead of \$1500 per year, at

(A)

In order to be able to help ^{him} ~~McLester~~ when he was ^{exhausted,} ~~exhausted~~, I went to the Hotel Biltmore for a body massage and a little instruction as to how to do it.

(B)

I went with Sherwood Eddy to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A. at Cleveland and heard many outstanding speakers. At the Employed Officers Conference at Caldwell, I was asked to report some of the important addresses, and to do some stenographic work for Dr. Mott. He began by saying: "This is an important letter and I hope that you will be careful with it. Dear Mr. President," and went on with a long letter to Woodrow Wilson. I received great benefit from accompanying Mr. Eddy to the ^{Northfield} ~~Silver Bay~~ Student Conference. On Sundays I heard the great preachers of ~~that~~ New York City - Jowett, ^{Jefferson} Cadman, Woelfkin, Fosdick, Coffin, Wise, ^{Adlerman}.

~~Four~~ Four months after I arrived in New York, we ^{sailed} ~~sailed~~ on July 20th for England on the New Amsterdam. Before me now is a stack of letters that I wrote home and sent to friends as my experiences unfolded. Since this was my first ocean voyage, I naturally wrote about the details of the daily routine. I notice that on the second day out I wrote: "Harold Gray and I went up on the top deck, called the boat deck, where we had ~~an~~ an unobstructed view of the sea and the moon. We had easy deck chairs and sat there watching the moonlight playing upon the waves. The sky was clear and the moon almost full and the sea was light. I have always heard of the beauty of moonlight at sea, but it had never dawned upon me before just how beautiful and inspiring it really is. It is too wonderful for description. Somehow it was not difficult to think of God, and somehow He drew nearer to us."

Harold was my cabin mate, two years at Harvard, and he was to become one of the warmest friends I have ever had. Later he went to prison as ^{and to inland China, before founding} a conscientious objector, ~~and then founded~~ a cooperative farm near Saline, Michigan. The other members of our group were E. C. Carter, after whose stirring address at Lake Geneva I had signed the student volunteer card, and whose cablegram to India had persuaded Danner to remain in India, thus opening up a new world for me; Max Yergan, one of the most ^{attractive} ~~lovable~~ men I have ever known, who was on his way to work in ^{in India} ~~the Y. M. C. A. with the territorial forces, India,~~ went to Africa and then influential in the Association in the United States, before becoming a specialist on African affairs and an adviser to the State Department; Donald Watt, Wier Stewart, and Harold Peterson, with whose subsequent careers I am not familiar. The ship's service on Sunday was led by D. E. Hoste, director of the China Inland Mission. He joined Mr. Eddy and Mr. Carter in addressing our group, and we had marvelous times of spiritual fellowship.

On the eighth day out I wrote home: "We had calm at sea today. The ocean looked very much like a great river. There were hardly any waves and the sight was most impressive. About 10:30 at night I slipped off by myself on the upper deck and had a most wonderful hour alone. The

water was almost as smooth as glass, the moon was shining brightly, there was not a cloud in sight, the stars were out in full force. It was by far the most beautiful sight of its kind that I have ever witnessed. It was really inspiring and I had one of the profitable hours of prayer that I have ever enjoyed. I cannot begin to tell you just how deeply I felt."

One of our first experiences upon landing was a visit to the student conference at Swanwick, which is something like our Lake Geneva, Silver Bay and Asilomar conferences. I slept on a long sack filled with straw in a tent with nineteen Irishmen from Dublin and Belfast. Again I was impressed with the spiritual power generated in these student conferences.

Then I accompanied Mr. Eddy as he ~~hagan~~ began a tour of the war camps with took us into Wales, Scotland and across England. Both of us ~~was~~ ^{were} ~~and~~ [^] British Y. M. C. A. ~~uniforms~~ ^{and} uniforms. Our old rambling automobile was driven by Miss Sidney, at night we proceeded without the benefit of headlights, because of wartime restrictions against outdoor lighting. We saw the ^{beautiful landscapes of} ~~handicraft~~ Wales, Scotland, and the lake country as we could not have done from the train.

My amazement at Sherwood Eddy's power over audiences grew as I listened to him night after night. Under the rough and tumble conditions of a war hut, with men constantly coming and going, above the clamor, his clear and wistful voice pierced many a heart. He encouraged me to engage in personal conversations with soldiers as doors opened, and soon I was sent to address meetings of soldiers in the war huts. On two occasions I substituted for Mr. Eddy when he was unable to fulfill his engagements. Until the end of October he spoke almost daily, ~~several times~~ ^{several times} and had a steady stream of men coming to him for interviews.

For a short time I was stationed in a Y Hut near Canterbury. One night we were routed out of bed by the siren, and when we rushed out and looked upward we saw, in the light of our feeble searchlights, a German Zeppelin ~~soaring~~ above us. It dropped bombs on the nearby city of

as our guns continued firing,
Canterbury, killed several persons, and disappeared over the North Sea.
Later we saw a Zeppelin brought down in flaming ruins over London, and
witnessed the largest daylight raid on London, when twenty-three German
planes swept down on the city, doing great damage and killing many people.
On the table before me now is a piece of shell which hit the Thackeray
Hotel, in front of which I was standing, and rolled into the alley. For
a British pound I persuaded the porter to let me have it.

In the course of our moving about the British Isles, I managed to
visit many of the famous sights for tourists; Westminster Abbey, the
St. Paul's,
cathedrals of Canterbury, York, Salisbury, Durham and others, the Tower
the British Museum and Library, Fountains Abbey, Stone Henge,
of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Loch Lomond, and the famous places of
Edinburgh and Glasgow. the Trossachs,

A memorable experience ~~was~~ came when Sherwood Eddy dictated a book
to me in a single day! For months he had been speaking on the significance
of suffering, and gathering material for a book which he call Suffering
and the War. One Sunday morning he began dictating at an early hour,
and by night he had completed the rough draft of the book, ~~which was published~~
~~by Longmans, Green and Company and had a wide circulation.~~ which was published by
Longmans, Green and Company and had a wide circulation.

This constant contact with soldiers and endless conversations with
them raised in my mind serious questions about the righteousness of war.
Not that I had any doubts as to which side I wanted to win the war. My
sympathies were altogether with the Allies, and at that time I ~~had~~
~~accepted~~ accepted the idea of German guilt for the war. But more
and more the conviction deepened with me that the method of war and the way
of Christ are irreconcilable. I began to write down these convictions
until I had a manuscript of forty pages. Sherwood Eddy and I did not agree
in judgment about the question, but he was kind enough to send my manuscript
to Principal D. S. Cairns, one of the great theologians of Scotland. Before
me now is his comment, fourteen page ~~handwritten~~ closely handwritten letter. On
October 20, 1916, I wrote home: "I have just completed a forty page
typewritten manuscript on Jesus and the Taking of Human Life. I take
the position that all war is contrary to the spirit of Jesus... I believe
that the method of war is wrong."

I was greatly strengthened in my position when Miss Madde Royden, the famous English preacher, wrote to me: "I have read your manuscript with the deepest interest and with with the most complete agreement. I admire especially your insistence on the spirit as distinct from the letter, and your dismissal of the idea of non-resistance. Nearly all criticism of our position is aimed at these two points - which we do not hold!"

Hodgkin

On November 4th we reached New York, having been gone since July 20th. I rushed at once to Houston to see the folks there, and soon Alma, the boy and I were on the way for a good visit with mother in Oklahoma. Nearly eight months had passed since I had seen them. ~~Then~~ We had a wonderful week ~~there~~ with mother, Mr. Murry, and Perry, who upon returning from the Navy had joined them in 1915, and was helping with the farm work. Early in 1918 he was drafted, and after training at Camp Travis, was sent to France, where he was badly gassed the day before the Armistice. Alma, Kirby Jr. and I then went on to New York, where we had five ~~delicious~~ ^{again} glorious months together, before I sailed for the war zone with Mr. Eddy.

During this period ~~was~~ ^{was} Sherwood Eddy speaking constantly in all parts of the country, and I remained in New York most of the time, being kept busy in the office. My Sundays were given to a mission church in Ridgewood Heights, Brooklyn. It began this way. The president of the Disciples city missionary society told me that they were about to close this mission, which had proved to be unsuccessful, but in the meantime they would glad if I would ~~supply~~ supply the pulpit. When I began preaching in January, 1917, there were only seven members of the mission church. By the end of April this number had increased to fifty, twenty-seven of whom I had immersed. The prospects were now so encouraging that a minister was called, the Reverend Marvin Sansbury, who roomed next door in my freshman year at Drake and at whose church in Redfield I had preached my first sermon.

During these months I ~~was~~ continued to work on my manuscript on war. I finally submitted a much longer version to the Methodist Book Concern, and on March 13, 1917, ^{Dr. Downey} ~~he~~ wrote me an encouraging letter, saying:

"I have read with care and interest your manuscript - 'Is War Ever Justifiable?' So far as its literal style and the general treatment are concerned it is every way worth publishing." He further said that he ^{would talk} ~~was~~ about it the Publishing Agents and would write to me again.

But on the eve of America's entering the war, on April 3rd, Dr. Downey ^{wrote} that under the circumstances they had decided it was not a propitious time to publish it, adding: "It might have been that in ordinary times we would have been glad to give your views to our reading public."

The manuscript was destined to receive many revisions and re-writings before it was ~~was~~ subsequently published as The Sword or The Cross.

^{over} The day before we sailed Mr. Brockman invited me to his home and urged me to consider working ~~with~~ with Dr. Mott as his stenographer. From the S. S. Espagne, I wrote to Alma in a letter which was taken off at Sandy Hook by the pilot: "I talked with Dr.

Mott this morning and he urged me to come with him for a year or two," ^{and asked her to cable me if she had a string}

On the voyage over I talked with Mr. Eddy about the matter, and after praying earnestly decided to remain with him for the contemplated trip to the Far East.

My cabin mate on the voyage over was Maxwell Chaplin, whom I had met the summer before in the war zone and who was now the leader of a Princeton delegation ^{going} ~~over~~ over to serve in the various Y huts. He had been secretary of the Christian Association at Princeton, and was ^{now in his} ~~being his second~~ second year at Hartford Theological Seminary. Subsequently as a missionary he lost his life in China. In addition to the twenty-six men from Princeton, there were twenty from Northwestern, four from Boston University, and representatives from Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania. Mr. Eddy was also taking over a group of evangelists for work in the war camps - Burris A. Jenkins, of Kansas City; Merton S. Rice, of Detroit; E. O. Sellers of the Moody Bible Institute; Henry Hitt Crane, Walter Jack Sherman, and Heber H. Harper. The large party of us had frequent group

conviction that I ought to accept it.

On April 5th, after the action of the House, I wrote to mother:

"The long expected, ~~the~~ and long howled for declaration of war has come.

There seems to be much enthusiasm and great rejoicing over the fact.

How little do people realize what war is and does for a nation! ...

Personally, I am absolutely sure that this standard of nations is all wrong, that the method of war can never be right."

Handwritten notes in the left margin, including "April 5th" and "Mother".

Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text covering the lower half of the page, appearing to be a continuation of the letter or a separate note.

and training in personal work. ~~with the soldiers~~
 meetings for discussion ~~and~~ worship. More than ever I began to experience
 the power of corporate prayer.

as ^{we} approached the most vulnerable spot for German submarines,
 On the ninth day out, I wrote in my progressive letter to the folks at
 home: "We got our first view of the stokers at our life drill yesterday.
 They are Senegalese from French West Africa and all speak French... Wherever
 they came from and however low in the evolution of the human race, they are
 doing their work so effectively down in the bowels of this ship that we are
 rushing through the pitch darkness, without a light showing, at a rapid
 rate of speed. Max and I have just been speaking of how strange it is
 that these primitive black folks from ~~the far away jungles of~~ Africa should
 be so necessary in the conveying of this band of evangelists and Christian
 workers to these war-stricken so-called Christian nations! The situation
 is made even stranger and more complex when we remember that our chief
 danger tonight comes not from wind and wave, but from human beings,
 representatives of a nation that calls itself Christian - and if our gunners
 should succeed in planting a ~~bullet~~ shell in a vital spot of one of these
 submarines and should send all of the enemy's crew to a watery grave, what
 a shout of joy and thanksgiving would go up from those on board this ship!
 Joy over the agonizing death of our fellow mortals! Last night we slept
 with our clothes on, and we shall do the same tonight... A gentleman in
 Philadelphia was generous enough to present Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and myself
 each with one of those new fangled life saving suits. It is not only
 sufficiently buoyant to keep one afloat for days, but also keeps you dry
 and warm. It has a place for food and is provided with a shrill whistle."

In broad daylight the siren shrieked its warning that a ~~sub~~marine had
 been sighted. I rushed out on deck and there it was in plain view. In
 my excitement I did not notice the ship's gun and when it fired I jumped
 plenty high, as the torpedo came toward us and missed by ~~about~~ mere yards.
 Afterward I thought of my life-saving suit in the cabin.

We landed at Bordeaux, traveled ^{through} ~~across~~ beautiful France to Paris,
 and across the channel to London. Our group was given a reception by
 the Lord Mayor at the ~~Spencer~~ ^{the} Mansion House, and were permitted to visit
 the famous Guildhall, where nearly every crowned head of Europe has been

entertained. The next day we were given an address of welcome by his His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria and uncle of His Majesty King George. In those days Americans were welcome in England. After a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy returned to France to conduct evangelistic meetings with the troops there, leaving me in charge in London. I had some responsibility for the general schedules of our groups of evangelists, although the details were handled, of course, by the British Y. M. C. A. Most of time, however, was free for evangelistic speaking in the Y huts. Until I returned to France, ^{my} no soldiers from the British Isles, Canada, Australia, N. Z. and So. A. I spoke almost every night in various parts of England. During part of this period Jack Barker, one of our group, worked with me as soloist and leader of songs. He had a beautiful voice, a most pleasing personality, and was of immense help in the meetings. One of my most pleasant exp. was working with my old Drake friends William V. Roosa and John Roberts etc etc. The response I received to my messages turned my thoughts to a permanent career as an evangelist. I find that on July 13, 1917,

At Brighton I had a long and memorable visit with Gipsy Smith, and was greatly helped by his addresses to the soldiers.

I wrote to Alma: "Jack and I were down with Bill Roosa at Seven Oaks last night and had a wonderful time - fifty decisions. I am sure that the Lord is giving me a message for the people of the United States, and I am daily praying for guidance. Somewhat strange to say, I no longer feel led to take up permanent work in China. I feel clear leading to take up some form of evangelistic work in the States. If we still feel led to do this, then the whole question is settled. Nothing else matters if we can find His will. I am quite sure that He is giving me wonderful training in these days. You can have no idea how intensely I am feeling. ~~then~~ Some nights I can hardly go to sleep for the weight of it all. After we got in last night, Max and I had a wonderful ^{hour} of prayer together... Nothing short of direct evangelism will every satisfy me now. Do pray incessantly that we may be given guidance at this point."

Early in August I went to France to work with Mr. Eddy, and was ^{in a short} ~~shortly~~ put in charge of an American Y hut behind the Verdun front.

(A)

I discover that on May 20th, I wrote to Alma: "For these 87 months we have loved each other. Notwithstanding the fact that we have been apart 41 of these months, I have not known a single unhappy day. These have been months of wonderful blessing and opportunity and I am thankful for them beyond expression. As I look back over them, it all seems as if it were a dream - almost too good to be true... I saw Harold Gray yesterday. He has had a wonderful year and is just bubbling over. He and Max and I had a long talk yesterday."

(B)

On July 19th I sent this word to Alma: "This trip is infinitely more valuable to me than the one of last year. I have practically no routine or office work. The looking after the evangelistic groups is very simple and requires little time. It is an unspeakable privilege to go from camp to camp, presenting the Christian message night by night. I am able to devote an average of four hours a day to hard reading and study. I believe the Lord is giving me a message along the line of my paper, and I am working hard on it. Already it has increased in length until it extends over ninety typewritten pages - legal size. I expect to put in much time on this during the next few months. Max and I are very close these days and we both feel that a message is being given to us for the people of America. I feel a very clear leading of God to enter evangelistic work in America."

(C)

On July 4th I witnessed the biggest air raid of the war on London. This is the way I described it in a letter home: "About ten-thirty in the morning, I was standing by window of my room at the hotel. Suddenly I heard a familiar sound - the bomb of anti-aircraft guns. Grabbing my hat, I rushed for the street, in order that I might see what was happening... There can be no mistaking the ominous roar of our guns: they mean business... Boom, boom, boom! The cannonading is increasing in violence. We are witnessing a night struggle in the air... When I 'came to', I found that I was standing in the middle of the street, gazing into the air in open-mouthed astonishment, almost oblivious of what was going on about me."

Shrahamel

We were at one of the camps nearest the fighting front, within sound of the guns, and indeed within range of the enemy's heavy artillery. Air raids were frequent. I remained there until time to leave for the trip to China.

(A)

There was much uncertainty as to our route ^{to China}. Before me is a yellowing copy of a cablegram Sherwood Eddy sent to a friend in Petrograd: "RESERVE FIRST CLASS PETROGRAD TIENTSIN OCTOBER NINTH MYSELF WIFE PAGE AND SHOEMAKER."

Then word came that it was unlikely that we would be able to cross Russia, and reservations were made via the Atlantic, America and the Pacific. ^{was 06} AS the time drew near the prospect of going by Russia was brighter, and when we left Paris for London we expected to be able to go that way. But at that moment the Germans captured Riga, closing that route for us.

On the voyage across the Atlantic, Sherwood and Mrs Eddy and I were accompanied by Samuel M. Shoemaker, later to serve in China and to become a famous Episcopal rector ^{in New York and Pittsburgh,} and Evan Thomas, brother of Norman. I was kept busy with Mr. Eddy's new book, the early draft of which contained a chapter on the ethics of war. Many and long and vigorous were the discussions of war which we had. Sam, Evan and I all held strong pacifist convictions, and fervently we endeavored to convince Sherwood of the soundness of this position. As we neared the shore, he became increasingly uncertain of his position. Upon landing he was plunged into the ^{war} hysteria of the country and the responsibility of raising money for the war work overseas. In a letter to me on September 26, 1917, he wrote: "I have decided to omit the chapter on the Ethics of War, about which I am not clear... Whichever of the three positions I take lands me in in insuperable difficulties. As yet I simply do not see the way out and I do not ^{h.} _^ ^{prose} either to act or write until I have clear light on the subject."

We landed in New York on Sunday morning. I went at once to the office and hurried to the files to see if any word had been cabled to me about the coming of our second child. There it was announcing the arrival of Mary on September 2nd, two weeks before, on our third wedding anniversary. The cablegram had failed to reach me in Paris.

On August 27th Alma wrote me about the race riot in Houston: "You needn't think you are the only one who can have a little excitement now and then. We may not be able to rig up an air raid on London, but we can have a race riot. We have had six hundred Negro ~~troops~~ regular troops here for the purpose of guarding while the construction of camp Logan was going on... just about that time a volley was fired all at once. Needless to say everyone ducked in the house and put out their lights and waited breathlessly for developments. They came all around us, within a block of the house on three sides. There were about a hundred and fifty of them who mutinied and got drunk (so much for whiskey) and started out to kill the whites... At midnight to town was put under martial law and troops rushed from Galveston and San Antonio... About nineteen were killed and twenty or more were wounded."

within four hours I was on a train for Houston, and soon

I went at once to Houston, holding Mary in my arms for the first time, and seeing Alma and Kirby Jr. after a separation of more than four months. My mother, Perry and Leak, and all of Alma's folks were there and we had a wonderful reunion. I had expected to be there only two days enroute to Vancouver, but the China campaign was postponed in order that Mr. Eddy might help to raise the huge budget of 35 millions for Y war work. Since I would be leaving for China early in the year, it seemed best for Alma and the children to continue dividing time between Houston and ^{and after two weeks} Oklahoma, I returned to New York.

In October I sent a sixteen hundred word summary of my position on war to a group of friends, and these lines from it will show my thought at that time: "Jesus could not at the same time follow the sword and the cross. They represent two opposing principles of life... We believe that Jesus calls men to His way of life, and that He actually means that they should take up their cross and follow Him; That the vicarious principle of the cross is the supreme law of life for every true ~~disciple~~ disciple, and that just as Jesus' life was spent wholly in redemptive activity, so must the Christian devote himself entirely to this same work... If a thing is wrong in principle for Jesus, it is also wrong for His followers. If plunging a bayonet into the quivering flesh of an enemy is wrong for Jesus, it cannot be right for Christians."

I must confess that this letter had a cool reception. Under the war conditions then prevailing not a single one of my old Drake friends, ^{so far as I knew,} agreed with my Christian pacifism.

with Mr. Eddy

During the weeks in New York before going to China, it was natural that I should give serious thought to our future after returning from the China trip. I find that on November 23, 1917, I wrote to Alma: "I take it for granted that we are agreed that whatever choice we make must be made in view of two assumptions: first, that our only desire is to find the will of God in the matter; second, we must take into

account the sum total contribution of our lives, and not just the next few years only." I then listed alternatives before us: ~~to continue with Mr. Eddy for several years longer, to take up student work, to remain in the war zone for the duration in evangelistic work, to enter upon a life work in China, to accept the pastorate of a church, to enter "the University of Chicago or Columbia University for two or three years of the hardest work of our lives...~~ In the age of reconstruction that is to follow the war, there is going to be an unparalleled demand for Christian men who can think clearly and act wisely, and the ability to think clearly is not gained in a day... Not least of the advantages of this plan of graduate study would be that it could easily be coupled with ministering to some church. Indeed, I would not consider it apart from a church... We must pray for complete guidance." Dr. Idleman had proposed that I become Disciple ^{in New York} city missionary of the ~~Disciples~~ churches, and Dr. Willett had take up the work of city missionary of the Disciples in Chicago. But I was not ready to make a decision.

On November 30th I wrote to Alma: "I am sorry that mother is so worried about the question of my talking against the war. I have tried to reassure her. As occasion arises I am speaking my convictions and I am increasingly confident that upon the main issues we have found the truth, however much light we may lack upon the details as to the way out. No longer is there any question in my mind as to whether war is right or wrong. I am certain that no Christian man ought to sanction it or participate in it."

Early in January, 1918, I started for Vancouver, B. C., by way of Houston, where I had a grand visit with my family. On January 16th I wrote to Alma, just before sailing for China, that I had talked with Mr. Eddy about our plans following this trip, and he had suggested that we come to Columbia University and Union Seminary and be near to help him with reading.

56
Chapter 9

IN JAPAN, CHINA, MANCHURIA AND KOREA

We arrived at Yokohama at the end of January, 1918. Leaving our steamer, I crossed Japan by rail to Nagasaki and returning^{ed} to the ship there. I saw the principal sights in Tokyo, and in Osaka met my old Drake friend Rex Cole, ^{who} he showed me around the city and went with me to Kyoto, where ^{we} visited the wonderful old temples.

In Kobe I missed the fast train and had to travel on a slow train to Nagasaki, arriving just as our ship was leaving, and ^{having} to be rowed out to it. ~~Mr. Eddy was not too pleased by the close call.~~

During the ten days we had in Shanghai before ~~the meetings began~~ ^{Mr. Eddy's the campaign was to begin} in Canton, I meet old Drake friends and many Disciple missionaries - Elam Anderson, Alice War, Margaret Darst, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Paul, Dr. Osgood, Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sarvis.

We started for Manila enroute to Canton, but when we were seventy miles out our ship smashed a propellor blade and had to limp back to Shanghai, and was in the dry dock for five days. So we had to go direct to Canton in order to arrive on time. Our most dramatic experience there was the assassination of Admiral Ching, the night after he sat on the front seat in Mr. Eddy's meeting, and our interview with Sun Yat-sen, the first President of the Chinese Republic. In Hongkong we stayed with missionaries high up in the hills above the beautiful harbor, ^{and} at night it seemed as if we were in fairyland.

Mr. Eddy's itinerary took us to inland China, as far as Changsha and Hankow, to Peking and Tientsin in the north, and into Manchuria. On part of the tour we were accompanied by Frank N. D. Buchman, Sherry Day and Howard Walter, who had been persuaded by Sherwood to go in advance to train personal workers in the various cities. The daily and intimate fellowship with these men ^{with} and the Chinese members of the party was a highlight in my experience. We usually stayed in missionary home^s and formed many warm friendships.

To watch Sherwood Eddy in action with an interpreter was an experience. They moved as one person, rapid fire ^{short} sentences, identical gestures, and equal fervor in delivery. The power of audiences was

of course,
Enroute I passed through Hiroshima, without a flicker of realization
that twenty-seven years later it would be the first city to be demolished
by an atomic bomb.

IN CHINA, JAPAN AND THE PHILIPPINES

Chapter 9

impressive indeed. On this tour I did only a limited amount of speaking and found it difficult to use an interpreter. My time was given over to the business details of the trip and keeping up with Sherwood's correspondence.

In Nanking I had a wonderful ^{start} ~~time~~ ^{experience} with Dr. W. E. Macklin, veteran Disciples missionary. ^{told of early experiences and} He showed me the interesting places as few others could have done - the long rows of crumbling examination cells of the old classical education system, the temples, the ancient walls of the city. In Peking I renewed an old friendship with Sam Shoemaker.

I slipped away and went alone to Harbin in northern Manchuria, near the Russian border. Since I spoke neither Chinese nor Russian, I had a difficult time in moving around. At breakfast one morning I tried in vain to get the waiter to ^{stand} understand what I wanted. Finally I said slowly h-a-m and e-g-g-s. A smile broke across his face and in time he came back with a huge slab of ham and four fried eggs. Taking a can of instant coffee from my pocket, I ^{succeeded in making} ~~instant coffee~~ understand that I wanted hot water, cream and sugar. Then came the bill, two bills in fact - twenty cents in American money for the large order of ham and eggs, and ^{thirty} ~~twenty~~ cents for the hot water, cream and sugar.

Returning to China permanently was still one of the possibilities we had in mind, and I talked with friends in the various cities about the possibilities. Before me now ^{are} ~~was~~ warm letters from Arthur Hugh, Hollis ~~Wilbur~~ Wilbur, and David Z. T. Yui urging me to return.

In Korea Sherwood Eddy held successful meetings, even under the restrictions of Japanese rule, and ^{had interviews} ~~met~~ with high officials. ^{OVER} ~~He~~ ^(B) had expected to return by way of the Siberian Railway through Russia, but the disturbed conditions made this impossible. So we ^{came back} ~~returned~~ by the Pacific and ~~reached~~ ^{came back} Houston on June 17th, having been away from Alma and the children ^{over} ~~there~~ for five months. After a visit of nine days I went on to Chicago and New York to determine our plans for the future.

At the end of the campaign, we

(X) For some time Alma had been ^{doing} regular stenographic work, in order to take care of her living expenses and to help us climb out of debt.

(B) In The Christian Evangelist, I gave this report of the tour: "We have just completed a 25,000-mile journey to the Far East, visiting China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan... In China internal warfare between the north and the south is destroying the security of property and life. Bandits are abroad in many of the provinces and pirates are preying upon the shipping industry along the coast and in the rivers... While we were in Changsha the city was under martial law, having twice been looted and pillaged within the past few months. The trains are heavily guarded with soldiers and special policemen... A cause of even greater danger to China is the unspeakable corruption of her officials in all parts of the country... It is also well known that both the north and the south have been receiving funds from Japan. Japan always profits from any unrest in China, and so may be counted upon to assist both sides in any internal warfare... It is in the midst of such conditions that the recent evangelistic meetings have been held... These meetings were a huge success, the main meeting averaging from 3,000 to 4,000 each night, and many thousands of these men signed the cards as inquirers, promising to join Bible classes and to study the claims of Christ... China is in the hands of the potter today... While the forces of evil are aggressively in the struggle, let us give ourselves to the utmost in seeking to help and save this nation in the hour of her desperate need and imminent peril."

Chapter 10

AT COLUMBIA AND UNION AND PREACHING IN BROOKLYN

We were clear in our judgment that I ought to do more graduate study, whether we decided to ^{go to} ~~work in~~ China or to take up evangelistic work in the United ^{States}. We had ^{made up} our minds to return to the University of Chicago, and while there I ^{looked at} ~~saw~~ the apartment which Dean Mathews was reserving for us after September first. I had been assured by Dr. Willett and Mr. Kindred that there would be no trouble in obtaining student preaching.

Upon reaching New York I found that, by a remarkable coincidence, ~~William~~ only the week before Marvin Sansbury had left the Ridgewood church in order to take up ~~his~~ work as a chaplain with the armed forces. The officers of the Ridgewood church urged me ~~not~~ to become their pastor and do my studying in New York. After serious thought and prayer, and an exchange of letters with Alma, we decided to accept and to study at Columbia and Union, rather than the University of Chicago. ^{over}

I enrolled for classes, ^{both at Columbia and Union Theological Seminary} but my work was interrupted by an attack of influenza. I was one of the millions of victims ~~at~~ all over the world in the worst epidemic known in history, with multitudes of lives being taken in many lands on the various continents. I was seriously ill and the doctor did not know whether or not I would pull through. On Armistic Day, 1918, I had just enough consciousness to be aware of the celebration and to realize that "the war to end war" had ended. Not ^{until the first of the new year} ~~until the end of December~~ was I able to resume my pastoral work, ^{after an enforced absence of three months.}

This long interruption caused me to abandon the idea of working for a Ph. D. ~~degree~~. An extra year would now be required, and I had already passed my 28th birthday. However, I did continue ^{taking} courses at Columbia and Union ~~University~~ until the summer of 1921, although I did not receive a degree. At Columbia I was ^{helped} especially ~~helped~~ by Professor Giddings and Professor Lindsay, and at Union was greatly influenced by Professor Lyman and Professor Ward.

On July 15th Alma wrote: "After thinking ^{it} ~~the thing~~ over, it seems as if this work has been planned ~~for~~ for us and thrust upon us, and if it is God's will we shall do our best. You will remember ~~how~~ how you had ~~to~~ decided not to go to New York, and then came Mr. Eddy's telegram causing you to change your decision, and how Marvin left a week before you ~~reached~~ reached there... Well, if it isn't God's will, it is fate playing with us."

During the period before the fall term began, I worked with Dr. Mott as his stenographer. This was a memorable experience. He was ~~the~~ the greatest missionary statesman of the generation, an evangelist of surpassing power, and universally recognized as one of ~~the~~ ^{our} foremost Christians leaders. He worked long hours and expected me to do the same, ~~he~~ dictating early in the morning and late at night, depending upon his schedule of engagements. Fortunately, my long experience as a stenographer enabled me to render satisfactory service. The intimate friendship with him proved to be one of the decisive influences playing upon my life.

W

One of the moving experiences of my life was a visit to Leavenworth prison and seeing my very dear friend Harold Gray in prison garb, serving a sentence of twenty-five years as a conscientious objector - yes twenty-five year sentence. In 1929 he was given a dishonorable discharge, upon which was written "Character: Bad." His prison experience proved to be a time of spiritual discipline and he came out a much stronger man than when he entered. One of my prized possessions is a letter from him, written on November 10, 1918, telling of his two weeks in solitary confinement, and how imprisonment had deepened his understanding of the Cross. Behind the bars he wrote: "In spite of many inconveniences, I never was more happy than I am here. I know I am where God wants me ~~but~~ under the circumstances. God certainly is wondrously good to me. Never was I so impressed with the utter failure of the world's method of dealing with evil as since coming here, nor ever more convinced that in the cross alone rests man's only hope of social as well as individual salvation."

From the first Sunday of my return to the Ridgewood pulpit, we had accessions to the church. I enjoyed preaching, had deep convictions, and was able to pour ^{my} whole soul into it. The congregation was made up chiefly of second ~~generation~~ ^{two or three} generation Germans, with little formal schooling. I can think of only ~~one~~ college graduate in the church. Thus I was led to use simple language in expressing simple ideas. Although I began in wartime, my Christian pacifism did not prove to be a barrier, ^{even though} although I preached my convictions. I made calls in many homes, and was persistent in my efforts to persuade individuals to make the Christian decision and unite with the church. With some success I endeavored to train our church officers and more mature members in personal work with individuals. The ^{a Sunday School class,} two sermons on Sunday and the mid-week prayer meeting provided me with ample opportunity to present the Christian message as I understood it.

In looking over old material I find that I preached on such subjects as: Where is God? — Have You a Cross? Jesus and Industrial Problems, Attempting the Impossible, Prevailing Prayer, The Living Book, The Distribution of Wealth, The Cooperative Movement, Next Steps in Industrial Democracy. A series of four sermons proved to be the basis of my first published volume - Something More in God, Something More in Christ, Something More in Man, Something More in Life.

(W) (X) The steady growth in membership encouraged us to explore the possibility of a new building. I made a trip to Kansas City to present the question to our Board of Church Extension. They acted favorably and in due time committed themselves to the erection of a building costing \$95,000, of which \$20,000 was a gift, \$20,000 a loan, the remaining \$55,000 to be paid at the completion of the campaign of the Inter-Church World Movement. ^{on interdenominational crusade agency. at the end of December, 1919,} With \$40,000 in hand, construction began on the basement and the educational portion of the building. In the meantime we held services ^{for nine months} in a rented store building. ~~In~~ we began services in the unfinished ~~building~~. The campaign of the Inter-Church World Movement proved to be a disastrous failure, and the expected \$55,000 from this source was not forthcoming, with the result that the sanctuary of ~~the~~ our church was not completed until six years after I had concluded my ministry there.

My resignation came about in this way.

(X)

During these months our minds were filled with the thought of going eventually to the foreign field, and on March 21, 1919, I wrote to Mrs. Anna R. Atwater, president of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions. This letter is being written at the suggestion of Mr. Guy Inman. For some months I have been in correspondence with Mr. S. J. Corey, of the Foreign Society, with regard to the possibility of engaging in their work in China or elsewhere. On Tuesday I had a conference in this connection with Mr. Bert Wilson. During the conversation I mentioned to him that my wife and I have recently become very much attracted toward the work in Latin America. At the conclusion of our conversation, we had a joint conference with Mr. Inman. Later I had a conference with Mr. Inman and Dr. Browning with regard to the proposed Faculty of Theology and Social Science at Montevideo, ^(Uruguay). I was informed that they have no one in sight as the first Professor of Social Science in this institution. I write, as an ordained minister of the Disciples of Christ, to offer myself for this ^{work} ~~work of social science~~. ~~replied that it was~~ I am informed by Dr. Browning and Mr. Inman that this professor of Social Science will not be greatly needed for at least two years." Mrs. Atwater replied that it was not their custom to give definite appointment that far in advance. By the time the mission board wrote again in October, 1920, we had already decided to join Sherwood Eddy in his work.

Insert

On July 6th I wrote to Mr. Eddy about the Silver Bay student conference and preparatory school boys conference: "I was asked to go as a group leader. Many old friends were there including Frank Buchman, Sherry Day, Sam Shoemaker, Henry Crane, Harold Gray, Herman Lum, Bill Buell. Sherry is going to Yale as academic secretary next year. Herman Lum is going to be Henry Crane's assistant at his big Methodist Church in Malden, Massachusetts. Sam is going to be at the General Theological Seminary in New York City next Year. I was simply amazed at the way Henry Crane has developed with the past two years. Harold spoke before the conference on two occasions and made a real impression. One thought has kept coming to me again and again during the past week. It is that Henry and Sam would fit admirably into such a group as you spoke of that day to Sid and myself... Even if your own plans for the future should lead you to Europe or Asia, I am convinced that as for myself, I am going to become a free agent after another year at the church in Brooklyn. With the utmost freedom, unlimited time for study and prayer, and the most intimate comradeship between men and women of like zeal and purpose, what things are not possible!"

My leaving the church

~~Then~~ came about this way. On February 5, 1920, Sherwood Eddy
~~then~~ asked if I could do some reading for him, saying "I find
 myself swamped with literature, books and pamphlets which I am unable to
 read. I am in urgent need of reading a number of books at this time on
 social service." So I began doing a substantial amount of reading for
 him, passing on clippings, marked articles, and marked books. On May
 28th Sherwood asked me if I would consider leaving the church and joining
 him for full-time independent study, writing and speaking. He was con-
 sidering gathering about him a small group of crusaders who would give
 themselves to social evangelism in its ^{various} ~~many~~ aspects - the writing of
 articles, pamphlets and books; and carrying the spoken message to the
 colleges, churches and business groups. ^{over} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~had not reached a final~~
~~decision~~ On July 12th he wrote from Berlin: "I am
 going to enter the battle with every ounce of strength I have." He then
 asked me definitely if I could leave the church by January 1, 1921, and
 join him full time. I replied that this was not practicable, in view
 of my relationship to the church and its building program, but that if
 I had more assistance at the church I could devote much time to the new
 program, while continuing to preach ~~at the church~~. ^{He then} ~~The result was that~~
 \$200 per month
 made a gift of ~~\$2000~~ ^{seven months} which enabled us to employ an associate pastor
 for ~~seven months~~. We were fortunate in obtaining ^{my} Walter McPherson, who was
 studying at Union Seminary. He and his wife were both splendidly
 equipped and we rejoiced over their coming. Our understanding was that
 he would become minister of the church on July 1, 1921, and that I would
 begin an independent career as writer and evangelist, working with Sherwood
 Eddy and his group. ^W ~~This plan was carried out, and~~ ^{after three wonderful}
 years with the Ridgewood church I resigned and entered ^{began} into this new ~~new~~ life.
 These were happy and creative years for us. I preached with great
 exhilaration and enjoyed personal conversations about the Christian life.
 302 ~~three hundred~~ ^{total of 302 new members} ~~being~~ received into the church, ^{of whom I immersed 157.}
 The response was most encouraging. We saw a portion of the new building
 dedicated, a capable minister and his able wife installed, ~~and~~ an active
 membership of 258 on July 1, 1921. I was severely criticized for leaving
 at that stage, but ~~we~~ ^{to us to be right} did what seemed ~~right~~.

At that time his own future was uncertain. Four possibilities were being considered: 1. Take up student work in Europe in connection with the World's Student Christian Federation. 2. Give practically all of his time to the work in Asia. 3. Devote himself to student work in America. 4. Resign from the Y. M. C. A. and devote his entire time to writing and speaking on the social and industrial situation. He told me that it was probable that he would combine points three and four. ~~And this is what he did.~~

I am so deeply moved by the possibilities of a group writing and speaking of economic, racial, political and international questions ~~that I wrote to him~~ that I wrote to him: "I want you to know how deeply moved I was at what you said in your conversation with Sid (Gamble) and myself yesterday. I have been thinking about it con-

stantly since that time and keep wondering whether or not it is possible that God is leading you on to be the prophet and leader so sadly needed today. Burris Jenkins has written a book, The Protestant, in which he voices the hope of many earnest souls that out of these troubled days God will send a prophet, a leader, another Martin

Luther, a Protestant against conditions as they are... I know of no man in this country, or anywhere else for that matter, who has as many qualifications for this special leadership as you have. I have enumerated these qualifications to myself: A breadth and richness of experience in many lands with all classes of people rarely equalled by any man, an open mind, ability to grasp new ideas quickly, rapid reader, rare ability as a public speaker and writer, ability to win the confidence and affection of friends, a breadth of friendships with financial, college and religious leaders equalled by few, a true conception of stewardship, enthusiasm, vision, evangelistic fervor, a deep spiritual dependence on God and a willingness to follow anywhere He may lead you. Surely Martin Luther himself had no such qualifications as these. You may rest assured that any little thing I may be able to do in ~~connection with~~ this connection will be done with eagerness and with joy."

Sherman
On July 12th from Berlin ~~he~~ wrote: "I have received your letter about the possibility of my leadership in America. I think you overrate my gifts, but I will not stop now to argue the point. There is one thing certain. I am going to enter the battle with every ounce of strength I have continue July 12th

Silver
Bay

(X)

On October 18, 1920, I wrote to G. W. Muckley: "Our folks are simply delighted with our new Associate Pastor, W. A. R. McPherson. He participated in both services at the opening of the new building and made a splendid impression. I am especially gratified at the readiness with which he makes friends and adapts himself to a new situation... It would be difficult to find a half dozen men in our brotherhood better qualified to lead in a comprehensive program of religious education. He is also a splendid pastoral worker and an excellent preacher. It would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of his coming to the life of this community. Mr. Webber has already begun his work as Director of the Community Center. "

(W)

Following the Armistice in 1918, I continued my efforts to find a publisher for my manuscript on war. It was declined by Scribners, and Revell's, Association Press, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Methodist Book Concern (second time). I continued to revise it and in all the complete manuscript was re-typed ten times. At the end of November, 1920, Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison wrote that they would publish several chapters in The Christian Century and then publish the manuscript under the title The Sword or the Cross. In order to make this financially possible, I borrowed \$600 from a friend as a subsidy to The Christian Century. Later the book was taken over by George H. Doran and Company, and brought as one of their publications.

Chapter 8

AGAIN IN THE REVOLUTIONARY FAR EAST

On my return to China early in 1918, I had close contacts with ~~the~~ Sun Yat-sen, Admiral Ching, Wu Ting Fang, and other leaders of the southern rebellion against the northern government, ^{and later with govt. officials in the No.} for China was now divided by civil war.

After a long revolutionary career, Sun Yat-sen was inaugurated President of China at Nanking on New Year's Day, 1912. He had been born in 1866, the son of ^{parents.} ~~a coolie~~. At the age of twelve arrangements were made for him to enter the Anglican Bishops School, where he ~~learned~~ learned English, studied Christianity, and was baptized. After studying at Queens College, he was married, and began touring with the missionaries, preaching Christianity in his own village. At that time he planned to enter the Christian ministry. As there was no theological seminary in Hongkong, he began to study medicine instead; and in 1887 he was the first student to join the new medical school under Dr. Cantlie, after ^{ward} Sir James Cantlie. He became its first graduate.

When war with Japan broke out in 1894, Dr. Sun's heart was not in his new medical practice at Canton, but he began to utilize China's certain defeat for the cause of revolution to replace the corrupt Manchus by a Chinese Republic. He now organized his own first secret society, the Prosper China Society, and extended its organization in Canton, Hawaii, and Shanghai. Here he began revolutionary work with Charles Soong, an earnest Christian who, after receiving his education in America, had but recently returned to China. He became treasurer of Dr. Sun's revolutionary movement. In 1896, Dr. Sun, on his way to England, preached revolution to the Chinese in cities across America. In London he was seized in the Chinese Legation and held as a prisoner, in order that he might be shipped back to China for trial and execution. He was rescued by Dr. Cantlie, but from now on, at the age of thirty, with a price upon his head, Sun was a marked man, spied upon as the most notorious Chinese revolutionary.

After fifteen years of continued revolutionary activity, Dr. engaged
 Sun was ~~engaged~~ in this work in England when he received word of the
 successful revolution of October 9, 1911. A cablegram invited him to
 return, and on ~~22nd~~ January 1, 1912, he became President of China.
 His term in office lasted just fifty-four days, for, in order to avoid
 civil war and achieve unity, he resigned in favor of Yuan Shih-kai.
 Yuan rapidly assumed the powers of a dictator, and in less than two
 years dissolved Parliament. In 1915 Yuan plotted to put himself on
 the throne of a new dynasty, and went so far as to issue a proclamation
 as the new emperor. (2 Yuan dollars)
 But rebellion in the provinces ^{opposition from the great powers} caused Yuan to yield to the inevitable,
 and he explained that since the demand for the return of the monarchy^h
 was not unanimous, he would resume the presidency of the Republic.
 Yuan Shih-kai died in June, 1916, and was succeeded by Li Yuan-hung.
 But the nation was now hopelessly divided, and from that year until
 1928 the war lords and politicians fought for selfish gains and military
 supremacy. ~~In China 45-47~~

So it happened that once more I came upon the scene of social
 conflict and upheaval. Six years before the Republic had been born,
 and now China was in the throes of civil war. Ten years were to pass
 before a substantial degree of unification was ^{achieved} ~~achieved~~ under Chiang
 Kai-shek. Meetings had been arranged for me in a dozen cities of
 China. A substantial change was made in the type of campaign. In
 previous years the Christian community was so swamped by the number of
 enquirers that they could not handle ^{enough of} them or get them into the churches.
 For months plans had been made to center the campaign in the churches,
 and for the churches, by the churches. I had persuaded a team of my
 friends to go to China long in advance for a campaign of personal work
 and instruction of Chinese Christians how to win others. This team
 was made up of Frank Buchman, Sherwood Day and Howard Walter, and
 the excellent work they did made a tremendous difference in my
 meetings of 1918 and subsequent years.

PILGRIMAGE ~~124~~ 124

At that meeting Admiral Ching - March 4th

After a wonderful week in Foochow, I wrote to friends at home:

March 27 - p 3

In spite of the civil war, I was able to move about the country freely. Ten marvelous days were spent in Peking. Upon arrival we met some 600 - April 18 p. 1

When I ~~got there~~ arrived in the inland city of Changsha for meetings there, I found that the fighting in the civil war was only a few miles away. May 18 p 2

During the visit of 1918 to the Far East, I held meetings in Japan and Korea also. My several campaigns in Korea have always met with a warm response from the Korean Christians. Years before I had met Syngman Rhee and other Korean revolutionaries, and it was to be my fortune to know Dr. Rhee later in the hour of Korea's desperation. But always I met with less success in my meetings with ~~Japanese students, and~~ Buddhist and Shinto students in Japan. ~~an enthusiastic response in my meetings with Japanese Christians, and formed close friendships with leaders of the church there, especially with Toyohiko Kagawa.~~ (Sherwood: And one of my prized possessions is the old copy of the NT etc) I met with ~~an enthusiastic response in my meetings with Japanese Christians, and formed close friendships with leaders of the church there, especially with Toyohiko Kagawa.~~ my opinion is that all your Kagawa material should be inserted here, at the proper spot chronologically. ~~also other personal references~~ ~~material about Japan~~

and 1930
In 1922 ~~and~~ I returned to China for meetings throughout the country, and came to know a succession of Presidents and other political figures. In the former year I spent four days EAST 101

By the time of my campaign there in 1930 Chiang Kai-shek had managed to bring about some semblance of national unity, although the nation was still torn with dissension and conflict. 99 On later trips to China I had even closer contacts with Chiang Kai-shek, and ⁱⁿ a subsequent section will ~~share~~ ^{tell you about my} experiences ~~that I had~~ with him, and how I foresaw the coming of communism in China.

Japan

Sherwood: I would hold until the proper chronological time (Rhee m.)

JAPAN

During my visits to the Far East in 1922 and 1930 I held meetings also in Japan and Korea. My several campaigns in Korea ~~has~~ always have met with a warm response from Korean Christians. Years before I had met Syngman Rhee and other Korea revolutionaries, and it was to be my fortune to know Dr. Rhee in a later critical period. One of my prized possessions is the old copy of the New Testament which he had smuggled into jail in an early imprisonment by the Japanese, and which helped him to become a Christian. Later on I want to tell you about my experiences with him, and give you my estimate of him.

In Japan I met with enthusiastic response from the Christians, but had little success with Buddhist and Shinto students there. I came to know Toyohiko Kagawa well, and look upon him as one of the great Christians of this generation. EAST ~~135~~ 135

INDIA

for evangelistic campaigns

Back in India in 1919, 1924 and 1929, I found the Indian people seething with political discontent and feverish revolutionary activity. British rule of India was crumbling and crumbling fast. After East 24

A MODERN CIRCUIT RIDER

The America in Which I Have Lived
1890-1955
And My Journeyings Through It

The Autobiography of Kirby Page

THE EARLY CIRCUIT RIDERS

"Beyond the wooded Appalachians the prophets of a new evangelicalism, hard-riding Methodist circuit riders and vehement Baptist preachers, deployed on the thin battle lines of the Lord... Lonely clearings became suddenly filled with homespun crowds through which at times swept mass-hysterian with tornado violence... Burned out in one community, emotionalism appeared in others, as evangelists hastened from settlement to settlement... But evangelical Protestantism was more than revivalism, more than denominationalism. It knit and held sober men and women in the enduring unity of their local churches. It brought forth laymen and preachers whose lives were filled with a prophetic zeal akin to that of the humble company who once carried to Palestine and to the world the message of their leader. The frontier was crude, turbulent, and godless. Evangelical Protestantism, more than any other single force, tamed it." - Ralph Henry Gabriel, in The Course of American Thought.

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- ~~23~~ What I Believe.

✓

Chapter 4
IN THE PINE WOODS OF LOUISIANA

We went directly to ~~make~~ the old plantation home, where Uncle Leon, Aunt ~~Burnet~~^{Burnet}, and their daughters Inez and Idalia were living. We stayed with them for some weeks, during which we visited our many aunts and cousins in that parish. Uncle Leon was engaged in the logging and timber business. Oxen were still being used in pulling the wagons and in farming. At that time virgin ^{pine} timber stretched in every direction, and in the swamps the supply of cypress seemed inexhaustible. I remember how far one could go in the woods without encountering a village ~~or town~~ because Uncle Leon once asked me to do an errand for him in Franklinton, which was twenty-five miles away. When I protested that I did not know the way and would get lost, he assured ~~that~~ me that Maud ~~had a keen sense of direction~~ had a keen sense of direction and would safely guide me. Off we went through dense timber in which an axe had hardly been put, miles after miles, seeing ^{scarcely} ~~hardly~~ a soul and few houses all day long. My uncle had been correct, Maud knew the ^{trail} ~~road~~ and carried me to the exact spot where I wanted to go. Maud was a mule. On the return trip she was equally sure, and as we neared home her pace quickened. In those fifty miles ^{on the back of a mule & had leisure to see} ~~there~~ a lot of trees.

Rio was the nearest stop on the recently constructed New Orleans and Great Northern ^{Railway}, which we called "the Nogin". Bogalusa was about five miles away, Lake Pontchartrain was about thirty miles distant, and ~~New Orleans~~ ^{another} ~~thirty miles~~ ^{across it} ~~was~~ ^{Four} New Orleans. ~~thirty~~ ^{Four} years before the Great Southern Lumber Mill had begun cutting and sawing timber, and soon it became the largest saw mill in the world. In thirty-six years it was to spend 100 million dollars in cutting untold billions of feet of lumber. OVER

After our weeks of visiting, we moved twenty-five miles to Covington, near the Lake, in the hope that we boys could find work. After a very disappointing short stay, we tried Franklinton, where Leak and I were employed in a grocery store. Mother soon became convinced that Louisiana was not the best place for us and decided that we would move to Houston. Leak stayed in Franklinton for some months so that ^{a little} ~~some~~ money would ~~be sent~~ ^{continue to come} into the family exchequer.

CHAPTER IV
IN THE WOODS OF MISSISSIPPI

The woods were full of squirrels and we often shot them, or more ~~precisely~~ ^{precisely} shot at them. I still remember my amazement at the way Old Tip, a former slave who had remained with the Pounds family, could see a squirrel which was ~~quite~~ ^{quite} invisible to us, and with deadly aim bring him down. There were wild turkeys in the swamps, and once I brought one home as a trophy, ~~and a delicious meal.~~ Once I missed. It happened this way. Several wagon loads of relatives had come from church for Sunday dinner. I was putting away some horses when across the rail fence I saw a flock feeding. Slipping into the house, I got ^a loaded shotgun, crawled along the fence until within firing range and let go. Every turkey flew away unharmed, and all I got was a severe lecture from mother for desecrating the Sabbath. Nearby was the Pearl River and many times we fished from its banks, looking across the water to the State of Mississippi.

Chapter 5

~~Chapter 5. My first job in Houston~~
EVENTFUL YEARS IN Houston
1907

We arrived in Houston on April 12, ~~1907~~¹⁹⁰⁷, exactly to a day two years from the time we departed from Lott, (before I was to be seventeen in August). Again ~~the~~ mother looked forward to my future and decided that I should immediately enter business college, as Leak had done in Pasadena. So I enrolled in Massey Business College for the bookkeeping course, before taking up shorthand and typewriting. The severity of our economic need prompted me to study hard and move along as rapidly as possible. After three months, I ~~was~~^{shifted to} the shorthand department, all unconscious of my fate. There I met a five-foot, jet-black haired, ^{deep-}brown eyed young woman from whose charm I have never escaped to this day, Alma Folse by name, until she changed it seven years later to Mrs. Kirby Page. Thereby hangs a tale.

The class in shorthand was moving too slowly for me, I had to get out and help support the family, so I asked ~~the~~^{Ainsworth} professor if I could not go faster. He replied that a young lady had made the same request and that he would form a special class for five or six of us. Thus we were thrown into daily and intimate contact. Before long we ~~was exchanging~~^{exchanged} letters written in shorthand and began going places together. But more about that later.

My first job as a stenographer was in the office of the Ziegler Cotton Brokerage Company. ~~My~~ My employer was a kind-hearted but gruff and profane old man. He ~~stuttered and sometimes the~~^a telephone operator would complain to ~~her~~^{her} superiors that he swore over the phone, saying: ~~"Hell-hell-hell"~~^{"Hell-hell-hell"} After a few months, I obtained a position at the new Y. M. C. A. Indeed, I began taking dictation from W. A. Scott, the General Secretary, in a shed on the sidewalk before the new building was dedicated. Before ~~the~~^a year had passed I became Basement Secretary, with responsibility for supervising the swimming pool and bowling alleys. By ~~that~~^{that} time I had overcome my early notion that bowling was a sinful game. Then I became Boy's Work Secretary, and was sent by the Association on a trip to Omaha, Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo, to study boy's work in ~~these~~^o cities. I

received great encouragement and much practical assistance from ^{three} ~~two~~ of the ablest secretaries in the country - Denison, Crackel and Cotton. ^{over (A)}
I remained with the Houston Association for more than three years, my last position being that of Assistant to the General Secretary, I. E. Munger who was like a father to me.

Not long after we arrived in Houston, Leak came ~~along~~ and found employment as bookkeeper in the Y. M. C. A. Later he transferred to a ~~sash and door manufacturing company.~~ ~~and then transferred to a sash and door manufacturing company.~~ Perry's first job was with Lallier the grocer at the corner of Travis and Rusk, before working on the streetcars as conductor. Before he was eighteen, with mother's consent, he enlisted in the Navy and served in the waters of China and the Philippines. Our first home in Houston was on Walker Street between Main and Fannin. We then moved to 506 McKinney, where the Houston Public Library now stands. Two blocks away was the old T. W. House estate, covering an entire block, where Colonel E. M. House lived for a time. ^{before he became intimate with} On the way to the Y. M. C. A., we passed the ^{lumber yard of} Jesse H. Jones ^{who was to become rich and famous.} Lumber Company.

(B) I joined the Central Christian Church, under Reverend A. F. Sanderson. In 1910 he was succeeded by ^{the} Reverend William S. Lockhart. Every Sunday found us at Sunday School, in a class taught by William A. Wilson, ~~the~~ morning service, Christian Endeavor, and evening service. I began to make short talks at Christian Endeavor, and one evening Mrs. Lockhart said to me most earnestly: "Kirby, you ought to be a

preacher." Then Mr. Lockhart came to the Y. M. C. A. one afternoon, talked ^{me} with ^{saying that he would help me to get} ~~me~~ in the lobby, and proposed that I go to

^{through} college in preparation for the ministry. ^{OVER (C)}

I must now go back to the story of Alma Folse. Her father, Louis ^{II} Folse, was of French parentage, and her mother was Minnie Heard. ^{Annie} Alma's younger sister was named Johnnie Louise, who later went to Baylor

University and married John Dolson, and her brother was Wilfred ^{A.} who

married Iris ^{Alma's} father died when she was ^{twelve}, and later her mother married ^{James} Newman. ^{who worked in the Southern Pacific yards.} The family went through a period of hard times and Alma worked for a ^{while} in an overall factory, before entering

business college. After several temporary positions, she became a stenographer at the Fidelity Cotton Oil Company, and subsequently ^{and Fertilizer}

(A)

Before me as I write is an old photograph taken at Niagara, with the falls as background, derby hat and all. ^{still collar}

(B)

I was very fond of handball and played so often that I became quite a shark at it. Once Walter Handcastle and I represented the Houston Assn in a handball match at Galveston, which we won. I also enjoyed tennis and soon played well, later winning the Houston double Championship teamed with — Spencer.

(C)

In July, 1910, I attended the Y. M. C. A. Summer School at Lake, Geneva, Wisconsin. Here I came into close contact with Association secretaries from all the mid-west and southwest. A Bible course under the veteran I. E. Brown influenced me greatly. And I came to know Uncle Robert Weidensall, one of the earliest Association men and perhaps the most beloved in all the Brotherhood. Before me now is a copy of the Chicago Record-Herald which he handed to me when he had finished reading it on July 28th. On the front page is a cartoon making fun of the action of the Board of Health in Aurora to the effect that "all persons must take a bath once a week." Also an announcement that Warren G. Harding had been nominated for Gov. of Ohio.

^{also}
served as company telegrapher. ~~with~~

From the beginning days at Massey, Alma and I were drawn together and soon were keeping steady company. She also joined the Central Christian Church, and our Sundays were almost completely absorbed in the activities there. Much of my courting was done via the streetcar, since they lived in Houston Heights. Well do I remember that their house was ^{five} ~~four~~ blocks from the car line, and once on a rainy night I slipped and fell in the mud, arriving at her door in a condition that had better not be described. After two years we became engaged, on February 20, 1910. That was a memorable occasion, not only because she promised to marry me, but because after my proposal had been accepted, she ^{would not permit} ~~refused to allow~~ me to kiss her, so strongly conditioned had she been against the idea of kissing before marriage. Time marched on, we set the date for our marriage, ~~the day~~ and Alma purchased the cloth for her wedding dress.

Then a new idea hit us ^{like a tornado} ~~with full force~~. The first suggestion of it came from Mrs. Lockhart and then from her husband, perhaps I should become a minister. Alma and I talked about it frequently and became confused about our plans. Then one evening the Lockharts invited us to their home to talk things over. They presented the ministry in most glowing colors and made light of the difficulties ^{that} I would encounter in getting through college and seminary. As we left their house and were well on the sidewalk, Alma took me by the lapel of the coat, looked me in the eyes, and said: "Young man, you are going to college!"

At the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Munger strongly encouraged us to postpone our marriage, enter college and get a thorough preparation for the ministry. Mr. Scott, who was ^{then} ~~so~~ in business in Houston, likewise urged us to prepare ourselves thoroughly for the work of a clergyman. So Alma packed away her wedding cloth, in spite of her mother's strong disapproval of delay, and we reconciled ourselves to a long wait ~~for~~ before beginning wedded life together. My mother was favorable to my leaving home and going to college, although this would mean that she would be compelled to support herself by taking in roomers and ~~taking~~

doing outside sewing.

~~in sewing.~~ Mother was always like that, she put our welfare ahead of her own comfort. Perry was soon to join the Navy, Leak had married Norman Eicke and they were ~~in California~~ ^{make their home in} soon to ~~move to~~ California, leaving mother alone in Houston. A ^{hundreds} ~~thousand~~ times I have asked myself if I did the right thing in choosing that moment to leave mother, even though it was ^{for} the purpose of equipping myself for fuller service.

Chapter 9

IN JAPAN, CHINA, MANCHURIA, AND KOREA

We arrived ~~at~~ at Yokohama at the end of January, 1918. Leaving our steamer, I traveled nine hundred miles across Japan to Nagasaki, and returned to the ship there. I saw the principal sights in Tokyo, and in Osaka my old Drake friend Rex Cole~~ll~~ showed me around and went with me to Kyoto, where we visited the wonderful old temples. In Kobe I missed the fast train and had to travel on a slow one to Nagasaki, arriving just ~~as~~ as our ship was leaving, and having to be rowed out to it. Enroute I passed through Hiroshima, of course, without a flicker of realization that twenty-seven years later it would be the first city to be demolished by an atomic bomb.

During the ten days we were in Shanghai before the campaign began in Canton, I met old Drake friends and many Disciple missionaries - Elam Anderson, Alice War^e, Margaret Darst, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Paul, Dr. Osgood, Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sarvis. We started for Manila enroute to Canton, but when we were seventy miles out our ship smashed a propellor blade and we had to limp back to Shanghai, and was in the dry dock for five days. So we had to go direct to Canton in order to arrive on time.

Mr. Eddy's campaign was not a solo affair. A large team traveled with him, about twenty members in all, including Ding Li Mei, the foremost Christian evangelist in China, and outstanding Christian educators. Mr. Eddy had persuaded Frank N. Buchman, Sherry Day and Howard Walter to go out in advance to train personal workers, and they accompanied us part of the time. The meetings in Canton were attended by the leading men of the province - Sun Yat-sen, the first president of China; Admiral Ching, Minister of the Navy; Wu Ting Fang, formerly Chinese minister in Washington and later Prime Minister of China; editors, college presidents, bankers, merchants, and students.

On the third night of the campaign Admiral Ching was assassinated ^{on the previous two nights he sat on the} within three minutes walk of where we were at the time. Sun Yat-sen was called out of the meeting and hurried to the dead body of his friend. On the preceding Saturday, George Lerrigo, of the Canton Y, and I had called upon the Admiral at his headquarters on a little island in the

Frank sat in
Mr. Eddy's
meetings.

Canton River. With him was Wu Ting Fang, and we talked in English for half an hour, and I took their pictures. Sherwood Eddy had an appointment to talk with Admiral Ching about becoming a Christian, but he was shot on the night before this interview was to have been held.

I went with Mr. Eddy for an interview with Sun Yat-sen. I find ^{from} ~~that~~ ^{that} a letter sent home, we talked about pacifism and militarism, and I quoted Sun Yat-sen as saying: "The greatest menace in the world would be to militarize China."

One of the interesting sights in Canton was the watching of the river population, the one hundred thousand persons who lived in house boats on the river. They sleep, work, eat and live their entire lives upon these boats, and whole families live in a boat not more than twelve feet long, earning their living by fishing, and carrying freight and passengers through the network of rivers and canals.

The campaign took us to inland China, as far as Changsha and Hankow, to Peking and Tientsin in the north, and into Manchuria. To watch Sherwood Eddy in action with an interpreter was an experience. They moved as one person, rapid fire short sentences, identical gestures, and equal fervor in delivery. His power over audiences was impressive indeed. Everywhere the leading citizens came to the meetings, and large crowds of students. Many meetings were held on the same day by the various members of the team. My work was primarily that of business manager of the party, and keeping up with Sherwood's correspondence. But my report ~~letters~~ letters show that I was speaking constantly, to English speaking groups and through a Chinese interpreter. I wrote to Alma: "It is an amazing fact that at times I actually forgot all about the interpreter, automatically stopping for him to interpret without being conscious of the break."

We went up the Yangtze as far as from New Orleans to Chicago, and found Changsha under martial law. We saw streams of refugees fleeing ^{Changsha} into ~~the city~~ from a nearby city which had just been looted and burned. Indeed, we found all China in confusion and disorder. Our journey was marked by a series of dramatic events: in Canton was the assassination of Admiral Ching; in Hongkong the grandstand at the race track collapsed and caught fire, and burned to death several hundred prominent citizens;

in Swatow we felt one of a series of earthquakes that killed several thousand people; in Peking and Tientsin hundreds of thousands were homeless as the result of floods; in Nanking there was the deadly plague which caused the entire city to be shut off from communication with the outside world ^{for a period} just prior to our arrival; in Shanghai the foreign reserves were called out to quell riotous strikers; at Hankow a river steamer was sunk ^{just} before we arrived, with three hundred drowned. Everywhere lawless bandits on land and pirates on the sea were preying upon the helpless and undefended. As one prominent official said: "There is not a single spot in China today where property and life are not in danger."

In Nanking I had a wonderful time with Dr. W. E. Macklin, veteran Disciples missionary. He talked of early experiences and showed me the interesting places as few others could have done - the long rows of crumbling examination cells of the old classical education system, the temples, the ancient walls of the city. In Peking I renewed an old friendship with Sam Shoemaker, and slept out in the open in a Buddhist monastery nearby. In Foochow I stood beside the graves of the missionary martyrs, especially those of the four members of the Stewart family and that of Miss ~~St~~ Saunders. Three of the Stewart children narrow escaped, after having been wounded. Later they went to England and completed their education, and then returned to China. We saw them in Hongkong, giving themselves in joyous service for the people who killed father and mother, brother and sister. The mother of Miss Saunders immediately came out to China, aged though she was, to give her life in service there. While crossing the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in Foochow, suddenly I came face to face with a man whose nose was entirely eaten away, leaving a hole in the middle of his face. Whether he was a victim of leprosy or syphilis, I did not pause to investigate. Several times we did see wandering bands of lepers.

After traveling six thousand miles inside China, we went to Mukden and ~~to~~ Korea, where Mr. Eddy held successful meetings, in spite of the restrictions imposed by the Japanese rulers. We had expected to return by way of the Siberian Railway through Russia, but the disturbed conditions

made this impossible. So we came back by the Pacific, and I reached Houston on June 17th, having been away from Alma and the children for five months. For some time ^{she} Alma had been doing regular stenographic work, in order to take care of ^{their} her living expenses and to help us climb out of debt. ~~After~~ ~~on the following days I went to Chicago and New York to determine our plans for the future.~~ ¶ While in Houston I receive a wire from Mr. Eddy that he was sailing on July 8th for the war zone, but that he had found that it would be impossible for me to go with him because of a rule ^{recently} adopted by the Y. M. C. A. in its war work to the effect that no pacifists would be used. ~~Mr. Eddy~~ Sherwood talked with Dr. Mott about the matter, and the latter was insistent that my pacifism disqualified me for ^{further} war-zone service.

This brought to an end some months sooner than I had anticipated my period of service as secretary to Sherwood Eddy. Alma and I had plunged heavily in order that I might have this experience, and now that it was over we thanked God for all that this intimate contact with him had meant ^{would mean} to us and to our future. Twice I had been urged to transfer to work with Dr. Mott, which would have been a wonderful privilege, but we were glad indeed that I had stayed with Sherwood. He was at the same time a father and a brother to me. No one could have been more thoughtful and solicitious, generous and warm-hearted. He was frank with me and expected me to speak my mind freely to him, always treating me as if I were his own age. He was kind enough to praise my stenographic work, but I realized that on many occasions I neglected it or hurried through it in order to get at things which were more interesting to me. ¶ Before Alma left for Oklahoma in March, 1916, we had high hopes and ardent expectations. Now we felt that they had been far surpassed. It would be difficult even to imagine privileges beyond what had been actual experiences. ^{And} Little did we know, at that time, how warm ^{to be} was our friendship with him to be ^{subsequent} in later years. And let me hasten to add, Alma's spirit throughout was simply marvelous. For twenty-eight months I had been away from home most of the time, at a period when a father is urgently needed. Never a word of complaint came from her, ^{not} even when she was lonely and in need of money. She felt that what I was doing was right, and that was sufficient for her.

Chapter 8

WITH SHERWOOD EDDY IN THE WAR ZONE

Upon arrival in New York I obtained a room at the West Side Y and began work with Sherwood Eddy. The office of the International Committee was then at 124 East 28th Street, and soon I was introduced to John R. Mott, Richard C. Morse, C. K. Ober, Frank Ober, E. T. Colten, E. C. Jenkins, and a score of other men whose names I had known. The stenographic work with Mr. Eddy was congenial, and took me frequently to his home in Forest Hills. From the first moment, I was warmly drawn to Mrs. Eddy and quickly formed the judgment which I still hold that she was a saintly person in every sense of the word. In time I came to know their daughter Margaret, their son Arden, and Mother Eddy, who was an individual of amazing zest and vitality.

In one of our early conversations, Mr. Eddy said that he expected me to be ready to shine his shoes if necessary, quickly adding that he would be glad to shine mine. After finishing dictation one morning, he paused for a moment and asked me: "Did you ever notice how men around here get their hair cut?" And when I replied no, he said: "Why don't you take a good look?" The hint was sufficient and I abandoned my Western style of long, curly hair. From the beginning, Sherwood Eddy was frank with me and expected me to be so with him. In order to be able to help him when he was exhausted, I went to the Hotel Biltmore for a body massage and a little instruction as to how to do it. *Given one.*

I went with him to the International Convention of the Y at Cleveland and heard many outstanding speakers. At the Employed Officers' Conference at Caldwell, I was asked to take down some of

the important addresses, and to do some stenographic work for Dr. Mott. He began by saying: "This is an important letter and I hope that you will be careful with it - Dear Mr. President," and went on with a long letter to Woodrow Wilson. I received great benefit from accompanying Mr. Eddy to the Northfield student conference. On Sundays I heard the great preachers of New York City - Jowett, Cadman, Jefferson, Parkhurst, Woelfkin, Fosdick, Coffin, Wise, Idleman.

Weeks passed by and still our future was uncertain. Then word came from Danner that he would meet Mr. Eddy in Europe, and my heart sank. But this did not settle the matter because F. C. Carter, who was in New York at the time, brought pressure upon Danner to remain in India. He asked me to cable K. T. Paul, his colleague in Calcutta, to hold Danner in India if possible, because Eddy already had a secretary. At the end of April came the fateful telegram saying that Danner was remaining in India. Thus narrowly did we miss going to China in 1916. My salary was set at \$1,500 per year, instead of much less as we had expected.

On May 4th Mr. Eddy said to me abruptly: "If you had your choice between staying with me for two years or becoming Dr. Mott's secretary, which would you choose?" It seems that Dr. Mott had made a request for either Danner or myself as his secretary. I told Sherwood Eddy that my first thought was that I would prefer to work with him for two years, and that proved to be my second thought as well.

Four months after I arrived in New York, we sailed on July 29th for England. Harold Gray was my cabin mate. He had finished two years at Harvard, and was to become one of the warmest friends I have ever had. Later he went to prison as a conscientious objector, and to inland

China as a missionary, before founding a cooperative farm near Saline, Michigan. The other members of our group were E. C. Carter, Max Yergan, Donald Watt, Wier Stewart, and Harold Peterson. Max was one of the most winsome men I have ever known. He was on his way to work in the Y in India with the territorial forces. Later he went to Africa, became a specialist on African affairs and an adviser to the State Department. The ship's service was led by D. E. Hoste, director of the China Inland Mission. He joined Mr. Eddy and Mr. Carter in addressing our group, and we had marvelous times of spiritual fellowship.

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One of our first experiences upon landing was a visit to the student conference at Swanwick, which is something like our Lake Geneva, Silver Bay and Asilomar^Y conferences. I slept on a long sack filled with straw in a tent with nineteen Irishmen from Dublin and Belfast. Again I was impressed with the spiritual power generated in these student conferences.

Then I accompanied Mr. Eddy as he began a tour of the war camps in Wales, Scotland and across England. Both of us wore British Y. M. C. A. uniforms. Our old rambling automobile was driven by Miss Rix Sidney^X and at night we proceeded with ^{out} the benefit of headlights^X because of wartime restrictions against outdoor lighting. We saw the beautiful landscapes of Wales, Scotland, and the lake country as we could not have done from the train.

My amazement at Sherwood Eddy's power over audiences grew as I listened to him night after night. Under the rough and ~~tumble~~ tumble conditions of a war hut, with men constantly coming and going, above the clamor, his clear and wistful voice pierced many a heart. He encouraged me to engage in personal conversations with soldiers, and soon I was sent to address meetings of soldiers in war huts. On two occasions I substituted for Mr. Eddy when he was unable to fulfill his engagements. Until the end of October he spoke almost daily^X and had a steady stream of men coming to him for interviews.

For a short time I was stationed in a Y hut near Canterbury. One night we were routed out of bed by the siren^X and when we rushed out and looked upward, we saw in the light of our feeble searchlights a German Zeppelin soaring above us. It dropped bombs on the nearby city of Canterbury, killed several persons, and as our guns continued

firing, disappeared over the North Sea. Later, we saw a Zeppelin brought down in flaming ruins over London.

In the course of our moving about the British Isles, I managed to visit many of the famous sights - Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals of St. Paul's, Canterbury, York, Salisbury, Durham and others, the Tower of London, the British Museum and library, Oxford, Cambridge, Loch Lomond, the Trossachs, Fountains Abbey, Stone Henge, and the famous places of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

A memorable experience came when Sherwood Eddy dictated a book to me in a single day! For months he had ^{been} speaking on the significance of suffering, and gathering material for a book which he called Suffering and the War. One Sunday morning he began dictating at an early hour, and by night, he had completed the rough draft of the book, which was published by Longmans, Green and Company and had a wide circulation.

This constant contact with soldiers and endless conversations with them raised in my mind serious questions about the righteousness of war. Not that I had any doubts as to which side I wanted to win the war, ^{for} My sympathies were altogether with the Allies, and at that time I accepted the idea of German guilt for the war. But more and more the conviction deepened with me that the method of war and the way of Christ are irreconcilable. I began to write down these convictions until I had a manuscript of forty pages. Sherwood Eddy did not agree with my point of view, but he was kind enough to send my manuscript to Principal D. S. Cairns, one of the great theologians of Scotland. Before me now is his comment, a fourteen-page closely

Sherwood Eddy

handwritten letter. [^] ~~He~~ also opened the way for me to talk about the question with Professor Farquarhanson and Dr. J. H. Oldham. On October 20, 1916, I wrote home: "I have just completed a forty page typewritten manuscript on Jesus and the Taking of Human Life. I take the position that all war is contrary to the spirit of Jesus... I believe that the method of war is wrong."

I was greatly strengthened in my position when Miss Maude Royden, the famous English preacher, wrote to me: "I have read your manuscript with the deepest interest and with the most complete agreement. I admire especially your insistence on the spirit as distinct from the letter and your dismissal of the idea of non-resistance. Nearly all criticism of our position is aimed at these two points - which we do not hold!" I received great encouragement also from Dr. Henry Hodgkin, Quaker leader and chairman of the newly formed Fellowship of Reconciliation.

On November 4th we reached New York, having been gone since July 20th. I rushed at once to Houston to see the folks there and soon Alma, ^{my son} the boy and I were on the way for a good visit with mother in Oklahoma. Nearly eight months had passed since I had seen them. We had a wonderful week with mother, Mr. Murry, and Perry, who upon returning from the Navy had joined them in 1915 and was helping with the farm work. Early in 1918 he was drafted, and after training at Camp Travis, was sent to France, where he was badly gassed the day before the Armistice. Alma, Kirby Jr. and I then went on to New York where we had five glorious months together before I sailed again for the war zone with Mr. Eddy.

During this period Sherwood Eddy was speaking constantly in all parts of the country, (and) I remained in New York most of the time, being kept busy in the office. My Sundays were given to a mission church in Ridgewood Heights, Brooklyn. It began this way. The president of the Disciples City Missionary Society told me that they were about to close this mission, which ^{was long} proved to be unsuccessful, but in the meantime they would be glad if I would supply the pulpit. When I began preaching in January, 1917, there were only seven members of the mission church. By the end of April this number had increased to fifty, twenty-seven of whom I had ^{joined since my charge} immersed. The prospects were so encouraging that a minister was called, the Reverend Marvin Sansbury, who roomed next door in my freshman year at Drake and at whose church in Redfield I had preached my first sermon.

During these months I continued to work on my manuscript on war. I finally submitted a much longer version to the Methodist Book Concern, and on March 13, 1917, Dr. Downey wrote me an encouraging letter, saying: "I have read with care and interest your manuscript - Is War Ever Justifiable? So far as its literary style and the general treatment are concerned, it is every way worth publishing." He further said that he would talk with the Publishing Agents and write to me again. But on the eve of America's entrance into the war, on April 3rd, Dr. Downey wrote that under the circumstances they had decided it was not a propitious time to publish it, adding: "It might have been that in ordinary times we would have been glad to give your views to our reading public." The manuscript was destined to receive many revisions and re-writings before it was subsequently published as The Sword or the Cross.

On April 5th, after the ^aaction of the House, I wrote to mother: "The long expected, and long howled-for declaration of war has come.

There seems to be much enthusiasm and great rejoicing over the fact. How little do people realize what war is and does for a nation! ... Personally, I am absolutely sure that this standard of nations is all wrong, that the method of war can never be right."

The day before we sailed, ^{again to Europe?} Mr. Brookman invited me to his home and urged me to consider working with Dr. Mott as his stenographer. From the steamer, I wrote to Alma in a letter which was taken off at Sandy Hook by the pilot: "I talked with Dr. Mott this morning and he urged me to come with him for a year or two," ~~and he told her to cable to him if she had strong convictions that I ought to accept his offer.~~ On the voyage over I talked with Mr. Eddy about the matter and after praying earnestly, decided to remain with him for the contemplated trip to the Far East.

My cabin mate on the voyage was Maxwell Chaplin, whom I had met the summer before in the war zone and who was now the leader of a Princeton delegation going over to serve in the various Y huts. He had been secretary of the Christian Association at Princeton and was now in his second year at Hartford Theological Seminary. Subsequently as a missionary, he lost his life in China. In addition to the twenty-six men from Princeton, there were twenty from Northwestern, four from Boston University, and representatives from Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania. Mr. Eddy was also taking over a group of evangelists for work in the war camps - Burris A. Jenkins, of Kansas City; Merton S. Rice, of Detroit; E. O. Sellers of the Moody Bible Institute; Henry Hitt Crane, Walter Jack Sherman, and Heber H. Harper. The large party of us had frequent group meetings for discussion, worship, and training in personal work. More than ever I began to experience the power of corporate prayer.

As we came into the area most vulnerable to German submarines, we slept with our clothes on for two nights. A gentleman in Philadelphia had been generous enough to present Mr. and Mrs. Eddy and myself with special life-saving suits, sufficiently buoyant to keep one afloat for days and also keeping you dry and warm. Then in broad daylight the siren shrieked its warning that a submarine had been sighted. I rushed out on deck and there it was in plain view. In my excitement I did not notice the ship's gun and when it fired, I jumped plenty high as the torpedo came toward us and missed by mere yards. Afterward I thought of my life-saving suit in the cabin.

We landed at Bordeaux, traveled through beautiful France to Paris, and across the channel to London. Our group was given a reception by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and we were permitted to visit the famous Guildhall, where nearly every crowned head of Europe had been entertained. The next day we were given an address of welcome ^{by} His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, son of Queen Victoria and uncle of His Majesty King George. In those days Americans were welcomed in England.

After a few days, Mr. and Mrs. Eddy returned to France to conduct evangelistic meetings with the troops there, leaving me in charge in London. Most of my time was free for evangelistic speaking in the huts. Until I returned to France, I spoke almost every night to soldiers from the British Isles, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. During part of this period Jack Barker, one of our group, worked with me as soloist and leader of songs. One of my pleasant experiences was working with my old Drake friends Bill Roosa and John Roberts, ^B both ^{later} of whom went to India, where John died of influenza just as he was about to begin work as my successor with Sherwood Eddy.

On July 4th I witnessed the biggest air raid of the war on London. About 10:30 in the morning I was standing at a window in my room in the Thackeray Hotel, across the street from the British Museum, when I heard the sound of anti-aircraft guns. I rushed down to the street in order that I might see what was happening. And there above us a mighty battle was raging in the air. When I "came to" I found that I was standing in the middle of the street, gazing into the air in open-mouthed astonishment, almost oblivious of what was going on about me. On the table before me now is a piece of shell that fell on the roof of the Thackeray and rolled ~~down~~ into the alley.

At Brighton I had a long and memorable visit with Gipsy Smith, the famous evangelist. The response that I was receiving to my own message turned my thoughts to a permanent career as an evangelist, and I wrote to Alma that "nothing short of direct evangelism will ever satisfy me now."

Early in August I went to France to work with Mr. Eddy and in a short time, was put in charge of an American Y hut behind the Verdun front. We were at one of the camps nearest the fighting front, within sound of the guns, and indeed within range of the heavy artillery. Air raids were frequent. I remained there until time to leave for China.

There was much uncertainty as to our route. Before me is a yellowing copy of a cablegram Sherwood Eddy sent to a friend in Petrograd: "Reserve first class Petrograd Tientsin October ninth myself wife Page and Shoemaker." Then came word that it was unlikely that we would be able to cross Russia, and reservations were made via the Atlantic, America and the Pacific. As the time drew near, the prospect of going by way of Russia was brightening and when we left Paris for London we expected to be able to go that way. But at that moment the Germans captured Riga, closing that route to us.

On the voyage across the Atlantic, Sherwood and Mrs. Eddy and I were accompanied by Samuel M. Shoemaker, later to serve in China and to become a famous rector in New York and Pittsburgh, and Evan Thomas, brother of Norman. I was kept busy with Mr. Eddy's new book, the early draft of which contained a chapter on the ethics of war. Sam, Evan and I all held strong pacifist convictions and fervently we endeavored to convince Sherwood of the soundness of this position. Upon landing he was plunged into the war hysteria and had responsibility for raising money for the war work overseas. In a letter to me on September 26, 1917, he said that he had decided to omit the chapter on the ethics of war because he was not yet clear which position he should take.

We landed in New York on Sunday morning. I went at once to the office and hurried to the files to see if any word has been cabled to me about the coming of our second child. There it was announcing the arrival of Mary on September 2nd, two weeks before, on our third wedding anniversary. The cablegram had failed to reach me in Paris. Within four hours I was on a train for Houston, and soon I was holding Mary in my arms for the first time, and seeing Alma and Kirby Jr after a separation of more than four months. My mother, Perry and Leak, and all of Alma's folks were there and we had a wonderful reunion. I had expected to be there only two days enroute to Vancouver, but the China campaign was postponed in order that Mr. Eddy might help to raise the budget of thirty-five millions for Y war work. Since I would be leaving for China early in the year, it seemed best for Alma and the children to continue dividing time between Houston and Oklahoma, and after two weeks I returned to New York.

Dr. Idleman proposed that upon my return from China I should take up the work of city missionary of the Disciples in New York, and Dr.

Willetts had suggested that I become city missionary of the Disciples in Chicago. But I was not ready to make a decision.

Early in January, 1918, I started for Vancouver, B. C., by way of Houston, where I had a grand visit with my family. On January 18th, I wrote to Alma, just before sailing for China, that I had talked with Mr. Eddy about our plans following the trip, and he had suggested that we come to Columbia and Union and be near to help him with reading.

Chapter 9

IN JAPAN, CHINA, MANCHERIA AND KOREA

We arrived at Yokahama at the end of January, 1918. Leaving our steamer, I traveled nine hundred miles across Japan to Nagasaki, and returned to the ship there. I saw the principal sights in Tokyo, and in Osaka my old Drake friend Rex Cole showed me around and went with me to Kyoto, where we visited the wonderful old temples. In Kobe I missed the fast train and had to travel on a slow one to Nagasaki, arriving just as our ship was leaving, and having to be rowed out to it. Enroute I passed through Hiroshima, of course, without a flicker of realization that twenty-seven years later it would be the first city to be demolished by an atomic bomb.

During the ten days we were in Shanghai before the campaign began in Canton, I met old Drake friends and many Disciple missionaries - Elam Anderson, Alice Ware, Margaret Darst, Mr. Garrett, Mr. Paul, Dr. Osgood, Miss Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Sarvis. We started for Manila enroute to Canton, but when we were seventy miles out our ship smashed a propellor blade and ~~we~~ had to limp back to Shanghai, and was in the dry dock for five days. So we had to go direct to Canton in order to arrive on time.

Mr. Eddy's campaign was not a solo affair. A large team traveled with him, about twenty members in all, including Ding Li Mei, the foremost Christian evangelist in China, and outstanding Christian educators. Mr. Eddy had persuaded Frank N. D. Buchman, Sherry Day and Howard Walter to go out in advance to train personal workers, and they accompanied us part of the time. The meetings in Canton were attended by the leading men of the province - Sun Yat-sen, the first president of China; Admiral Ching,

minister of the Navy; Wu Ting Fang, formerly Chinese minister in Washington and later Prime Minister of China; editors, college presidents, bankers, merchants, and students.

On the third night of the campaign Admiral Ching was assassinated within three minutes walk of where we were at the time. On the previous two nights he sat in a front seat at Mr. Eddy's meetings. Sun Yat-sen was called out of the meeting and hurried to the dead body of his friend. On the preceding Saturday, George Lerrigo, of the Canton Y, and I had called upon the Admiral in his headquarters on a little island in the Canton River. With him was Wu Ting Fang, and we talked in English for half an hour, and I took their pictures. Sherwood Eddy had an appointment to talk with Admiral Ching about becoming a Christian, but he was shot on the night before this interview was to have been held.

I went with Mr. Eddy for an interview with Sun Yat-sen. I find from a letter sent home that we talked about pacifism and militarism, and I quoted Sun Yat-sen as saying: "The greatest menace in the world would be to militarize China."

One of the interesting sights in Canton was the watching of the river population, the one hundred thousand persons who lived in house-boats on the river. They sleep, work, eat and live their entire lives upon those boats, and whole families live in a boat not more than twelve feet long, earning their living by fishing, and carrying freight and passengers through the network of rivers and canals.

The campaign took us to inland China, as far as Changsha and Hankow, to Peking and Tientsin in the north, and into Manchuria. To watch Sherwood Eddy in action with an interpreter was an experience. They moved as one person, rapid fire short sentences, identical gestures, and equal fervor

in delivery. His power over audiences was impressive indeed. Everywhere the leading citizens came to the meetings, and large crowds of students. Many meetings were held on the same day by the various members of the team. My work was primarily that of business manager of the party, and keeping up with Sherwood's correspondence. But my report letters show that I did much speaking also, to English speaking groups and through a Chinese interpreter. I wrote to Alma: "It is an amazing fact that at times I actually forgot all about the interpreter, automatically stopping for him to interpret without being conscious of the break."

We went up the Yangtse as far as from New Orleans to Chicago, and found Changsha under martial law. We saw streams of refugees fleeing into Changsha from a nearby city which had just been looted and burned. Indeed, we found all China in confusion and disorder. Our journey was marked by a series of dramatic events: in Canton was the assassination of Admiral Ching; in Hongkong the grandstand at the race track collapsed and caught fire, burning to death several hundred prominent citizens; in Swatow we felt one of a series of earth quakes that killed several thousand people; in Peking and Tientsin hundreds of thousands were homeless as the result of floods; in Nanking there was the deadly plague which caused the entire city to be shut off from communication with the outside world for a period just prior to our arrival; in Shanghai the foreign reserves were called out to quell riotous strikers; at Hankow a river steamer sank just before we arrived, with three hundred drowned. Everywhere lawless bandits on land and pirates on the sea were preying upon the helpless and undefended. As one prominent official said: "There is not a single spot in China today where property and life are not in danger."

In Nanking I had a wonderful time with Dr. W. E. Macklin, veteran Disciples missionary. He talked of early experiences and showed me the interesting places as few others could have done - the long rows of crumbling examination cells of the old classical education system, the temples, the ancient walls of the city. In Peking I renewed an old friendship with Sam Shoemaker, and slept out in the open in a Buddhist monastery nearby. In Foochow I stood beside the graves of the missionary and noticed martyrs, especially those of the four members of the Stewart family and that of Miss Saunders. Three of the Stewart children narrowly escaped, after having been wounded. Later they went to England and completed their education, and then returned to China. We saw them in Hongkong, giving themselves in joyous service for the people who had killed father and mother, brother and sister. The mother of Miss Saunders immediately went out to China, aged though she was, to give her life in service there. While crossing the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages in Foochow, suddenly I came face to face with a man whose nose was entirely eaten away, leaving a hole in the middle of his face. Whether he was a victim of leprosy or syphilis, I did not pause to inquire. Several times we did see wandering bands of lepers.

After traveling six thousand miles inside China, we went to Mukden and to Korea, where Mr. Eddy held successful meetings, in spite of the restrictions imposed by the Japanese rulers. We had expected to return by way of the Siberian Railway through Russia, but the disturbed conditions made this impossible. So we came back by the Pacific, and I reached Houston on June 17th, having been away from Alma and the children for five months. For some time she had been doing regular stenographic work, in order to

take care of their living expenses and to help us climb out of debt.

While in Houston I received a wire from Mr. Eddy that he was sailing on July 8th for the war zone, but that he had found that it would be impossible for me to go with him because of a recently adopted rule that no pacifists would be used by the Y. M. C. A. in the war zone. Sherwood talked with Dr. Mott about the matter, and the latter was insistent that my pacifism disqualified me for further service in the war zone.

This brought to an end some months sooner than I had anticipated my period of service as secretary to Sherwood Eddy. Alma and I had plunged heavily in order that I might have this experience, and now that it was over we thanked God for all that this intimate contact with him had meant to us and would mean to our future. Twice I had been urged to transfer to work with Dr. Mott, which would have been a wonderful privilege, but we were glad indeed that I had stayed with Sherwood. He was at the same time a father and a brother to me. No one could have been more thoughtful and solicitous, generous and warm-hearted. He was frank with me and expected me to speak my mind freely to him, always treating me as if I were his own age. He was kind enough to praise my stenographic work, but I realized that on many occasions I neglected it or hurried through it in order to get at things which were more interesting to me.

Before Alma left for Oklahoma in March, 1916, we had high hopes and ardent expectations. Now we felt that they had been far surpassed. It would be difficult even to imagine privileges beyond what had been actual experiences. And little did we know, at that time, how warm was to be

our friendship with him in subsequent years. And let me hasten to add, Alma's spirit throughout was simply marvelous. For twenty-eight months I had been away from home most of the time, at a period when a father is urgently needed. Never a word of complaint came from her, not even when she was lonely and in need of money. She felt that what I was doing was right, and that was sufficient for her.

Chapter 10

AT COLUMBIA DN UNION AND PREACHING IN BROOKLYN

We were clear in our judgment that I ought to do more graduate study, whether we decided to go to China or to take up evangelistic work in the United States. We had made up our minds to return to the University of Chicago, and while there I looked ^{at} ~~out~~ the apartment which Dean Mathews was reserving for us after September first. I had been assured by Dr. Willett and Mr. Kindred that there would be no trouble in obtaining student preaching.

Upon reaching New York I found that, by a remarkable coincidence, only the week before Marvin Sansbury had left the Ridgewood church in order to take up work as a chaplain with the armed forces. The officers of the Ridgewood church urged me to become their pastor and do my studying in New York. After serious thought and prayer, and an exchange of letters with Alma, we decided to accept and study at Columbia and Union, rather than at the University of Chicago.

During the period before the fall term began, I worked with Dr. Mott as his stenographer. This was a memorable experience. He was the greatest missionary statesman of the generation, an evangelist of surpassing power, and universally recognized as one of our foremost Christian leaders. He worked long hours and expected me to do the same, dictating early in the morning and late at night, depending upon his schedule of engagements. Fortunately, my long experience as a stenographer enabled me to render satisfactory service. The intimate friendship with him proved to be one of the decisive influences playing upon my life.

I enrolled for classes both at Columbia and Union, but my work was interrupted by an attack of influenza. I was one of the millions of

victims all over the world in the worst epidemic known in history, with multitudes of lives being taken in many lands on the various continents. I was seriously ill and the doctor did not know whether or not I would pull through. On Armistice Day, 1918, I had just enough consciousness to be aware of the celebration and to realize that "the war to end ~~Wx~~ war" had ended. Not until the first of the new year was I able to resume my pastoral work, after an enforced absence of three months.

This long interruption caused me to abandon the idea of working for a Ph. D. An extra year would now be required, and I had already passed my 28th birthday. However, I did continue taking courses at Columbia and Union until the summer of 1921, although I did not receive a degree. At Columbia I was helped especially by Professor Giddings and Professor Lindsay, and at Union was greatly influenced by Professor Lyman and Professor Ward.

From the first Sunday of my return to the Ridgewood pulpit, we had accessions to the church. I enjoyed preaching, had deep convictions, and was able to pour my whole soul into it. The congregation was made up chiefly of second generation Germans, with little formal schooling. I can think of only two or three college graduates in the church. Thus I was led to use simple language in expressing simple ideas. Although I began in wartime, my Christian pacifism did not prove to be a barrier, even though I preached my convictions. I made calls in many homes, and was persistent in my efforts to persuade individuals to ~~make~~ the Christian decision and unite with the church. With some success I endeavored to train our church officers and more mature members in personal work with individuals. The two sermons on Sunday, a Sunday School class, and the mid-week prayer meeting provided me with ample opportunity to present the Christian

message as I understood it. In looking over old material I find that I preached on such subjects as: Attempting the Impossible, Prevailing Prayer, the Living Book, Where is God? Have You a Cross? Jesus and Industrial Problems, the Distribution of Wealth, the Cooperative Movement, Next Steps in Industrial Democracy. A series of four sermons proved to be the basis of my first published volume - Something More in God, Something More in Christ, Something More in Man, Something More in Life.

One of the moving experiences of my life was a visit to Leavenworth prison and seeing my very dear friend Harold Gray in prison garb, serving a sentence of twenty-five years as a conscientious objector - yes a twenty-five year sentence! In 1919 he was given a dishonorable discharge, upon which was written: "Character: Bad." His prison experience proved to be a time of spiritual discipline and he came out a much stronger man than when he entered.

During these months our minds were filled with the thought of eventually going to the foreign field. I was informed that a position would soon be open in Montevideo, Uruguay, as professor of social science in a new theological seminary, and on March 21, 1919, I ~~wrote~~ offered myself for this position. The reply came that the missionary society that since the place would not be open for two years, they did not think it wise to commit themselves that far ahead. By the time they wrote to me again in October, 1920, we had already decided to join Sherwood Eddy in his work.

The steady growth in membership encouraged us to explore the possibility of a new building. I made a trip to Kansas City to present the question to our Board of Church Extension. They acted favorably and in due time committed themselves to the erection of a building costing \$95,000, of which \$20,000 was a gift, \$20,000 a loan, the remaining \$55,000 to be paid at the completion of the campaign of the Inter-Church World Movement, an interdenominational

agency. With \$40,000 in hand, at the end of December, 1919, the construction of the basement and educational portion of the building was begun. In the meantime, for nine months, we held services in a rented street building. The campaign of the Inter-Church-World Movement proved to be a disastrous failure, and the expected \$55,000 from this source was not forthcoming, with the

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result that the sanctuary of our church was not completed until six years after I had concluded my ministry there.

My leaving the church came about in this way. On February 5, 1920, Sherwood Eddy asked if I could do some reading for him, saying: "I find myself swamped with literature, books and pamphlets which I am unable to read. I am in urgent need of reading a number of books at this time on social service." So I began doing a substantial amount of reading for him, passing on clippings, marked articles, and marked books. On May 28th Sherwood asked me ^{if} I would consider leaving the church and joining him for full-time independent study, writing and speaking. He was considering gathering about him a small group of crusaders who would give themselves to social evangelism in its various forms - the writing of articles, pamphlets and books, and carry the spoken message to the colleges, churches, and business groups.

At that time his own future was uncertain. Four possibilities were being explored: take up student work in Europe in connection with the World's Student Christian Federation, give practically all of his time to the work in Asia, devote himself to student work in America, resign from the Y. M. C. A. and devote himself to writing and speaking on the social and industrial situation. I was so deeply moved by the possibilities of a group writing and speaking on economic, racial, political and international questions that I wrote to him: "I want you to know how deeply moved I was at what you said in your conversation with Sid (Gamble) and myself yesterday. I have been thinking about it constantly since that time and keep wondering whether or not it is possible that God is leading you on to be the prophet and leader so sadly needed today. Burriss Jenkins has written a book, The Protestant, in which he voices the hope of many earnest souls that out of these troubled days God will send a prophet, a leader, another

Martin Luther, a Protestant against conditions as they are... I ~~know~~ know of no man in this country, or anywhere else for that matter, who has as many qualifications for this special leadership as you have... You may rest assured that any little thing I may be able to do in this connection will be done with eagerness and with joy." On July 12th from Berlin Sherwood wrote: "There is one thing certain. I am going to enter the battle with every ounce of strength I have... I therefore suggest that you resign from your church and be ready to join me for work on January 1, 1921."

I replied this was not practicable, in view of my relationship to the church and its building program, but that if I had more assistance at the church I could devote much time to the new program, while continuing to preach. He then made a gift of \$200 per month which enabled us to employ an associate minister for nine months. We were fortunate in obtaining Walter McPherson, who was studying at Union Seminary. He and his wife were both splendidly equipped and we rejoiced over their coming. Our understanding was that he would become minister of the church on July 1, 1921, and that I would begin an independent career as writer and evangelist, working with Sherwood Eddy and his group.

After three wonderful years with the Ridgewood church, I resigned and began this new life. These were happy and creative years for us. I preached with great exhilaration and enjoyed personal conversations about the Christian life. The response was encouraging, 302 new members having been received into the church, of whom I immersed 157. We saw a portion of the new building dedicated, a capable minister and his wife installed, and an active membership of 258 on July 1, 1921. I was severely criticized for leaving at that stage, but we did what seemed to us to be right.